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November, 1874.

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Storelli, Albert West, Flora Plimsoll, Celia Dashwood, Mdlle. Esther
Austin's Great Troupe, Nelly Estelle and Milly Howes, Coupar, Quilter
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Managers of Theatres and the Profession that he is prepared to
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WANTED immediately, two leading Ladies, for an Amateur Per-
formance. Ladies and Gentlemen requiring engagements are requested
to communicate with Mr. PAKENHAM, at No. 12, Southampton-street,
Strand. Office Hours 11 till 4. Amateurs instructed for the Stage.

MR. F. H. BELLEW, the New Baritone, pupil of Mr.
C. J. Bishenden, the celebrated bass, will shortly make his FIRST
APPEARANCE in OPERA-BUFFE in London.

MISS KATE SANTLEY'S PROVINCIAL TOUR.
In consequence of the unqualified success of Mr. Frederic Clay's
new opera, CATTARINA, Miss Santley has decided to prolong her Tour.
Unexampled success of Miss Santley's new song, "It is so like the Men."
Treble encored in Mr. Clay's new opera, CATTARINA.

MR. BARRY SULLIVAN'S FAREWELL of
England, Ireland, and Scotland, previous to his return visit to the
United States.

THEATRE ROYAL, DUBLIN, MONDAY, NOVEMBER 9, for
EIGHTEEN NIGHTS.

Cork.	Liverpool.	Newcastle.
Limerick.	Aberdeen.	Sheffield.
Belfast.	Glasgow.	&c. &c. &c. to follow.

Business Manager, T. S. AMERY.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—Calendar for Week ending
NOVEMBER 21st, 1874.

MONDAY, Nov. 16th. } Great Annual Exhibition of Poultry,
to } Pigeons, and Rabbits. The largest ever
THURSDAY, Nov. 19th. } held, there being no less than 4400 entries.
N.B.—On Monday the Palace will not open till 12 o'clock.

FRIDAY, Nov. 20th.—English Comedy, under the direction of Mr.
Charles Wyndham.

SATURDAY, Nov. 21st.—Concert. Madame Sinico-Campobello, Mr.
Vernon Rigby, and Mr. Dannreuther. Distribution of Prizes to London
Rifle Brigade, the Lord Mayor and Sheriff's attending in state.

MONDAY to FRIDAY, One Shilling; SATURDAY, Half a Crown, or by
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Among the most recent additions is a NIGHT PARROT from New-
Zealand.

MADAME TUSSAUD'S EXHIBITION, BAKER-
STREET.—NOW ADDED, PORTRAIT MODELS of the Duchess
of EDINBURGH, the Czar of Russia, Sir Garnet Wolseley, the three
Judges in the Tichborne Trial, Cockburn, Mellor, and Lush; the Shah
of Persia, Marshal MacMahon, and the late Mr. Charles Dickens.—Admis-
sion, 1s.; children under ten, 6d.; Extra Rooms, 6d.—Open from nine a.m.
till ten p.m.

THEATRES.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.—

Sole Lessee and Manager, F. B. Chatterton.—Immense success of
RICHARD CEUR-DE-LION. Every Evening at 6.45, NOBODY IN
LONDON. At 7.45, RICHARD CEUR-DE-LION.—Mr. James Anderson,
Mr. R. Dolman, Mr. W. Terriss, and Mr. Creswick; Miss Wallis and
Miss Bessie King. To conclude with HERE, THERE, AND EVERY-
WHERE.—F. Evans and Troupe. Prices from 6d. to £5 5s. Doors open at
6.30. Commence at 6.45. Box-office open from Ten till Five daily.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.—Mr. Henry Neville,

Lessee and Manager.—Crowded Houses and enormous success of
THE TWO ORPHANS, the greatest drama of the day. EVERY EVEN-
ING, at 7.30, THE TWO ORPHANS, adapted from the French by John
Oxenford. New scenery, dresses, and decorations. Mr. Henry Neville
and Miss Fowler; Mesdames Ernstone, Huntley, Hazleton, C. Harcourt,
A. Taylor, and Charles Viner; Messrs. Wm. Rignold, C. Harcourt,
Sugden, Voltaire, Roland, and Atkins. Preceded, at 7, by TWENTY
MINUTES WITH A TIGER.—Doors open at 6.30. Box office open daily
from 11 to 5. No fees for booking. Prices from 6d. to £3 3s. Free list
entirely suspended.

THE TWO ORPHANS, in six acts and eight tableaux,
EVERY EVENING, at 7.30. Preceded, at 7, by TWENTY
MINUTES WITH A TIGER. Doors open at 6.30. Box office open daily
from 11 to 5. No fees for booking. Prices from 6d. to £3 3s. Free list
entirely suspended.

LYCEUM.—HAMLET.—Mr. Henry Irving.—After

months of preparation this great play will be produced THIS
(SATURDAY) EVENING, at eight o'clock, with new scenery by Messrs.
Hawes Craven and Cuthbert. New dresses and appointments, &c. And
the characters by the following ladies and gentlemen: Messrs. HENRY
IRVING, T. Swinbourne, Chippendale, Compton, E. Leathes, G. Neville,
T. Mead, H. B. Conway, F. Clements, Beveridge, &c.; Miss G. Panncoft
and Miss Isabel Bateman (her first appearance this season). Preceded,
at seven, with FISH OUT OF WATER. Mr. Compton. Conclude with
THE DUMB BELLE.—Box office open ten till five. Doors open at 6.30.
Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. H. L. Bateman.

HAMLET.—TO-NIGHT.—Ladies and gentlemen
who have secured seats will deeply oblige the management and
consult their own comfort by taking their places before the rise of the
curtain at eight o'clock.—LYCEUM THEATRE.

VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.—Enormous Success of
the Revival of TWO ROSES. On Monday and during the week, at
Half past Seven, LEGACY LOVE. At Eight, James Albery's admired
Comedy, TWO ROSES. Concluding with a new Musical Improbability,
entitled GREEN OLD AGE, by R. Reece. Supported by Messrs. William
Farren, Thomas Thorne, Charles Warner, Edward Righton, Bernard
Lestocq, Austin, and David James; Mesdames Amy Roselle, Kate Bishop,
Nelly Walters, Cicely Richards, and Sophie Larkin.—Acting Manager,
Mr. D. McKay.

GLOBE THEATRE, Newcastle Street, Strand.—

Manager, Mr. Francis Fairlie.—Enthusiastic reception of the Drama
and Opera-Buffe. EAST LYNNE at 7, VERT-VERT at 9. Characters
by Messrs. George Barrett, Leonard Boyne, Frank Wood, Hudspeth, Swift,
Gordon, Coels, H. R. Teesdale, &c.; Mesdames Ada Ward, Marie Parselle,
Stephens, Thérèse de Valery, Louisa Payne, Marie Bramah, Norrie Jordan,
Lilian Adair, Egerton, Murielle, and Camille Dubois. Full Band and
Chorus of Sixty.—Doors open at 6.30. Commence at 7. Prices from 6d.
to £3 3s. Places may be secured at the Box office of the theatre daily,
between 11 and 5, and at all the Libraries.

CHARING CROSS THEATRE.—LYDIA

THOMPSON.—The Success of the Season.—Third Week of Farnie's
Oriental Extravaganza of BLUE BEARD. Powerful cast, charming
music. Preceded, at 7.45, by CLEVER SIR JACOB.

MR. H. B. FARNIE'S BLUE BEARD, at the

CHARING CROSS THEATRE, has now settled down for a long
and successful run. The charming acting, singing, and dancing of Miss
Lydia Thompson, the broad humour of Mr. Lionel Brough, the Heathen
Chinee of Willie Edouin, the Protean changes of Mr. John Morris, the
exquisite finish of Miss Atherton, the brightness of Miss Kathleen Irwin,
the ruddy beauty of Miss Topsy Venn, and the brilliant costumes, capital
scenery, and taking music, combine, under Mr. Henderson's able man-
agement, to attract everybody in town.—The Hornet, Oct. 7.

BLUE BEARD, by Farnie.—The 487th Night of its

performance by Miss LYDIA THOMPSON and her company.
Notice.—To avoid disappointment and inconvenience, seats should be
secured in advance.—Box-office open from ten to five, and at all libraries.

SURREY.—THIS EVENING, at 7.45, the Powerful

Nautical Drama, SHIP AHOY. Messrs. John Nelson, Henry
Forrester, James Fawc, Joseph Plumpton, H. C. Sidney, F. Shepherd,
W. Stacey, &c.; Misses Adelaide Ross, Lavis, Margaret Cooper, &c. To
commence, at 7, with DID YOU EVER SEND YOUR WIFE TO
CAMBERWELL? And the entertainments conclude with the screaming
Farce, TURN HIM OUT.—Treasurer, Mr. C. Holland. Secretary, Mr.
Thomas B. Warne.

ROYAL COURT THEATRE.—Sole Proprietor and

Manager, Miss MARIE LITTON.—Every Evening. Doors open at 7,
commence at 7.30 with PEACOCK'S HOLIDAY. Mr. W. J. Hill. At
8.30, BRIGHTON. Miss Litton, Mesdames Edith Challis, Rose Egan, Alice
Della, M. Davis, and Mrs. Chippendale; Mr. Charles Wyndham, Messrs.
Edgar Bruce, W. J. Hill, Clifford Cooper, C. Steyne, Russell, Bentley,
Vincent, &c.—Acting Manager, Mr. Charles Walter.

ALHAMBRA THEATRE ROYAL.—Manager, Mr.

JOHN BAUM.—Offenbach's LE ROI CAROTTE. Libretto by Henry
S. Leigh.

ALHAMBRA.—Offenbach's Grand Opéra-Bouffe, LE

ROI CAROTTE. Principal artists: Miss Elsie Weber (her first
appearance here), Mdlle. Rose Bell, Lennox Grey, M. Barrie; Messrs.
Harry Paulton, Melbourne, Worboys, Clifton, &c. &c.

ALHAMBRA.—Reappearance of Mdlle. Sara in the

celebrated Rustic Quadrille in Act 2nd of LE ROI CAROTTE.

ALHAMBRA.—Grand Spectacle. Magic Effects.

Grand Ballets in LE ROI CAROTTE. Prices as usual. Box

office open from 11 to 11. No charge for booking.

PHILHARMONIC THEATRE.—Manager, Mr.

SHEPHERD.—Grand Operatic Triumph. At 7.30, the Operetta of
THE TWO GREGORIES. 8.20, Lecocq's last Great Opera, GRIFFLE-
GIROFLA. Miss JULIA MATHEWS; Mesdames Jenny Pratt, Everard,
and Manetti; Messrs. W. H. Fisher, E. M. Garden, J. Murray, and E. Rosenthal.
Gorgeous costumes; splendid scenery by F. Lloyds. Conductor, Mr. RIV-
IERE. The only Theatre in which this Grand Opera can be performed.
Private Boxes and Fautouils at all the Libraries.

MISS JULIA MATHEWS

will appear as GRIFFLE-GIROFLA,

Every Evening, at the

PHILHARMONIC THEATRE.

MARYLEBONE THEATRE.—Three minutes from

Edgware Road Station.—Lessee and Manager, Mr. G. A. CAVE.—
Treble attraction. First appearance in England of the renowned Comed-
ians, JOHN and MAGGIE FIELDING, in their great impersonation,
beautiful Songs of Erin, and Dances, here preceded by Nelson Lee the
younger. A powerful Drama, THE IDIOT OF THE MOUNTAIN; and
conclude with H. Young's celebrated Drama, SUCH IS LIFE, supported
by the best company in London.—Saturday next will be produced, with
New Scenery and Spectral Effects, MONEY AND MISERY; or, THE
PHANTOM OF THE SNOW.—Boxes and stalls 1s.; Pit 6d.; Gallery 4d.

PAVILION THEATRE.—Lessee, Mr. Morris Abra-

hams.—Entire Change of Performance, and Renewal of Two Power-
ful Dramas, LILY DALE, and THE FRUITS OF CRIME. Every evening
at Seven, LILY DALE, powerful cast; and to conclude with FRUITS OF
CRIME. The above Dramas will be supported by Messrs. F. Thomas,
G. Yates, R. Leslie, specially engaged, H. Lynn, Warburton, Bedford
J. Clifton, Morrison; and Mesdames M. Foster, H. Clifton, Lottie
Reynolds, Murray, Simpson, and Miss Jenny Grainger. On Wednesday,
Miss M. Foster's Benefit. On Saturday next, THE FLYING SCUD.—
Isaac Cohen, Stage Manager.

HOLBORN THEATRE ROYAL.—Manager,

Mr. MORRIS JAMES GUYVER.—THIS EVENING, at Eight, will be
produced an Original Drama in three acts, entitled NEWMARKET, A
TALE OF THE TURF. New scenery and sensational effects by F. Fenton.
New dresses by S. May. Supported by a powerful company.—Box office
open from Ten to Five daily.

NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE,

BISHOPSGATE. FOURTH WEEK.

PROPRIETORS AND MANAGERS, MESSRS. JOHN AND RICHARD DOUGLASS.

Immense Success of Andrew Halliday's Great Drury Lane Drama, AMY
ROSBART. Scenery by Mr. Richard Douglass. Miss Agnes Bouverie,
Miss Eleanor Bufton, Mr. James Bennett, Mr. Pennington, and a powerfully
selected Company. Every evening at Seven. Conclude with a Favourite
Comedietta.

BRITANNIA THE GREAT THEATRE, HOXTON.—

Sole Proprietress, Mrs. S. LANE.—Reappearance of Mrs. S. LANE;
re-engagement of Mr. G. H. MACDERMOTT. New Piece. New Engagements.
Every Evening, at 6.45, a New Comedietta by E. Manuel, Esq., entitled,
THE MAN IN THE ULSTER: Messrs. Macdermott, Newbound, Bell;
Mdlles. Summers, Rayner, Mrs. Newham. After which, Messrs. McKee
and ROGERS, the astounding American "Critters," of world-wide reputa-
tion, in one of their inimitable Acts. The Sister Gymnastes, NATALIE,
LEONTINE, and BLANCH, in an entire change of performances. Miss
PATTI GODDARD. Mr. J. McDOWELL, Comic Singer. Les Freres HANLON,
in their Drawing-room Revels. THE SHAMROCK OF IRELAND: Mrs.
S. LANE; Messrs. Reynolds, Charlton, Bell, Lewis Holland; Mdlles. Leigh,
Bellair, &c. With THE FOX AND THE WOLF: Mr. Bigwood and Miss
Summers.

THE ILLUSTRATED

Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON: SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1874.

MADAME PAULINE RITA.

IN this week's number we give the portrait of Madame Pauline
Rita. This lady, though for professional purposes she assumes a
foreign name, is an English artist. She has been so short a time
before the public that her career presents few incidents which
call for special mention. She was not originally intended for the
musical profession, but was distinguished as an amateur. Family
troubles, however, produced a calamitous change in her position,
and she bravely resolved to turn her musical abilities to account
as a means of income. During the last two or three years she has
become favourably known as a concert singer, and has made two
successful country tours as *prima donna* of Mr. Radcliff's concert
party. Last winter she sang at one of the Crystal Palace Satur-
day Concerts. Her success was hindered by a tendency to sing
tremolando; and it seemed as if the habit of singing
with a continual trembling of the voice was so confirmed
that it could never be rectified. Last summer, however,
she commenced studying with M. Duviol, the well-
known Parisian teacher (now settled in London), and, to the
surprise of every one, at her *début* on the lyric stage a few months
back, the defect above referred to was found to have entirely dis-
appeared. Her *début* was made at the Opéra Comique Theatre,
London, in the English adaptation of Gaston Serpette's *Branche
Cassée*, produced here under the title of *The Broken Branch*.
Madame Rita played the part of 'Jean,' the rustic lover of the
piece, and although entirely unaccustomed to the stage, she
exhibited so much natural dramatic power, combined with
captivating *naïveté*, that her acting was one of the most attractive
features in the performance. The vocal waltz which belongs to
the opera she sang so well as to ensure an encore at every repre-
sentation, and she made a still greater success in Sir Julius
Benedict's song (with flute *obbligato*), "The Bird that came in
Spring." Her singing was so superior to the average of opéra-
bouffe vocalism that her *début* made a sensation in the dramatic
and operatic worlds, and hopes were entertained that she would
be heard in a succession of light comic operas of higher quality
than mere opéra-bouffe. The sudden termination of the Opéra
Comique speculation put an end to these anticipations, and at
the same time left Madame Rita free to improve her artistic
position; and we believe that she will shortly appear before the
public under very advantageous circumstances.

Madame Pauline Rita is a welcome acquisition to the comic
operatic stage. Although her endowments are not such as to fit
her for the higher walks of opera, her voice is agreeable in quality,
and sufficiently powerful. Her vocalisation is above the average,
and she has the merit of singing in tune; while the rapid progress
she has made under the guidance of her able teacher, M. Duviol,
encourages favourable hopes of her future, both as vocalist and
actress. Well educated and accomplished, she is as popular in
private society as in public, and secures the esteem of all who
have the pleasure of making her acquaintance.

MR. LATOUR TOMLINE will supply the next novelty at the
Court Theatre.

The Prayer in the Storm will be revived at the Adelphi after the
run of Mr. Rowe's *Geneva Cross*.

A MORNING performance of *The Black Prince* is announced
for Saturday week at the St. James's.

MESSRS. GATTI's season of Promenade Concerts at Covent
Garden will terminate on Saturday week.

MISS EMILY SOLDENE and her opéra-bouffe troupe have appeared
at the Lyceum, New York, and met with immediate success.

THE demand for places at the Haymarket Theatre is so great
that an additional row of stalls now occupies the space of the
orchestra, the band being relegated to the region beneath the
stage, as at the Prince of Wales's and Charing Cross Theatres.

MR. E. J. ODELL takes his first benefit at the Globe this after-
noon, when the chief attraction will be Poole's travestie of *Hamlet*,
supported by Mr. Odell as 'Hamlet,' Mr. Lionel Brough as the
'King,' Mr. H. J. Turner as 'Polonius,' Mr. Marius as 'Laertes,'
Mr. G. Barrett as the 'Ghost,' Mrs. Stephens as the 'Queen,' and
Miss Rachel Sanger as 'Ophelia.'

EVER on the *qui vive* to obtain relics and novelties for their
exhibition, the Messrs. Tussaud and Sons have now added to
their numerous collection the *air-bed* presented to Dr. Livingstone
by Mr. H. M. Stanley, seven enamelled plates used by the Doctor,
his *left-hand* glove, the proof of his identity, and a pair of
gaiters. To the admirers of the great African explorer these
mementoes will prove of great interest.

TAYLOR'S CONDITION BALLS FOR HORSES.—"They possess
extraordinary merit."—*Bell's Life*. "Try Taylor's Condition Balls."—*The
Field*. "They are invaluable."—*Sunday Times*. "An invaluable medicine."
—*York Herald*. "I have never used so efficient a ball."—JOHN SCOTT.
N.B.—The same ingredients are in the prepared form of powder; may be
had of all chemists, 3s. and 2s. 6d. per packet.—[ADVT.]

ROYAL OPERA HOTEL, BOW-STREET, COVENT-GARDEN (WM.
Hogg, Proprietor).—W. Hogg begs to inform his friends visiting the
Theatres and the general public that the above hotel is open for their
reception, under entire new management. Visitors from the country will
find every comfort combined with economy at this old establishment.
Ladies and gentlemen with children visiting the morning performances
will find a very comfortable coffee-room and luncheon always ready.
Dinners from the joint as usual. Good beds and private rooms. Public
and private Billiard Rooms. A Night Porter.—[ADVT.]

The Drama.

THE principal dramatic event of the week took place at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, where, *The School for Scandal* having been withdrawn on Friday last week, the programme underwent an entire change on the following evening, when Mr. Gilbert's long-promised "dramatic contrast," entitled *Sweethearts*, was produced, in conjunction with a revival of the late Mr. Robertson's comedy, *Society*. A full notice of these unavoidably stand over till next week.

Morning performances were given on Monday (Lord Mayor's Day) at Drury Lane and the Globe. At the former *Richard Cœur-de-Lion* was represented, and at the latter, *East Lynne*, which was preceded by a new farce by Mr. W. J. E. Soden, entitled *A Trip to Brighton*, which, smartly written and briskly acted, turned out very amusing.

At the Haymarket, where Mr. Sothern's 'Lord Dundreary' continues to draw crowded audiences, Mr. J. R. Planché's vaudeville, *The Loan of a Lover*, is now played nightly, in addition to *Our American Cousin*. It was revived on Monday last, for Miss Walton, the young actress from America, who displays such genuine and pleasing talent for comedy as 'Mary Meredith,' to appear as 'Gertrude,' one of Madame Vestris's most successful personations. The experiment was eminently satisfactory. Miss Walton acts the part with great taste and archness, singing the incidental airs very pleasingly, and with due point and expression, while she looks captivating in the simple but picturesque dress of the Dutch peasant girl. She is humorously supported by Mr. Everill, as 'Peter Spyke,' originally represented by Keeley, at the Olympic Theatre, when under the management of Madame Vestris.

Beyond the foregoing there is scarcely any change to be noted at any of the other theatres, the majority of which are doing very good business without any alteration in their programmes.—*Hamlet* is an established success at the Lyceum.

The representations of English comedies at the Crystal Palace still continue, and with unabated success. On Tuesday *She Stoops to Conquer* was performed, and on Thursday Boucicault's *London Assurance*, supported by an efficient cast, including Mr. C. Wyndham, as 'Dazzle'; Mr. Lionel Brough, as 'Mark Meddle'; Mr. E. Righton, as 'Dolly Spanker'; and Miss Fanny Enson, as 'Lady Gay Spanker.'

GAIETY THEATRE.

OIL AND VINEGAR.

THE programme of the Gaiety, consisting of the operetta *Love Apple*, and Mr. Reece's version of Lecocq's opéra-bouffe *Les Cents Vierges*, under the title of *The Island of Bachelors*, has been considerably strengthened by Mr. Byron's new and original farcical piece entitled *Oil and Vinegar*, a matrimonial moral, and produced here for the first time on Wednesday last week. The moral, that conjugal happiness is more likely to attend the union of persons of somewhat opposite dispositions than where they are exactly similar, is most amusingly and practically exemplified in "a prologue, two scenes, and a climax," into which the little piece is divided; and although the extravagant incidents of the "two scenes" in which the lesson is developed take place only in a dream, as in *Victorine* and *Uncle Dick's Darling*, they are so skilfully arranged, and arise and follow each other so naturally, that the sudden transformation to the "climax," disclosing the two bridegrooms' elect still slumbering as they were when the curtain fell on the prologue, comes as a startling surprise to all not previously aware of the expedient adopted by the author. The "oil and vinegar" of the title are typified in the opposite dispositions of two engaged couples, Charles Cloverton, of highly genial nature, and somewhat given to mild fastness, and his friend, Peter Pringle, of a serious and ascetic temperament. The former is engaged to Annie Black, the primmest of "prim" girls, and the latter to Mary White, "a jolly girl," with an admiring predilection for music-hall songs, breakdown dances, and negro melodists. The prologue takes place at a Thames-side hotel, where these four are awaiting the arrival of two staid and elderly friends of theirs, Mr. Golumpus, "late of the Red Tape and Penwiper Department, Somerset House," and Miss Toko, to join them at dinner. The individual characteristics of the engaged lovers are amusingly indicated by the process of selecting items for the menu from the voluminous bill of fare, which being eventually, after much trouble, duly settled, the two ladies stroll out on the terrace, and the two men, in a confidential chat over a quiet cigarette, arrive at the conclusion that they have made a great mistake in their respective selection of a wife, and while discussing the desirability of exchanging their *fiancées*, both drop off to sleep; the curtain descending on the prologue, as the two expected guests arrive. Six months are supposed to elapse, and the proposed change of lovers has taken place. Pringle has married the serious Annie Black, and Cloverton is united to the lively Mary White, but unhappiness is the result in each case. In the first scene the unhappiness of the serious couple is shown, with ludicrous effect. The solemnity and staidness of Annie is too much for Pringle, who seeks relief in the surreptitious indulgence of the previously abhorred cigar, brandy and soda, &c. Scene 2 is the home of the "jolly couple." Cloverton is also a changed man; all his former geniality and liveliness are subdued through the frivolity and exuberant "jollity" of his young wife, who is continually singing music-hall comic songs, practising breakdown dances under the guidance of her cousin, Tom Triffler, and perpetrating practical jokes, but his disgust culminates at her inviting a company of amateur negro minstrels to practise in his drawing-room. The two ill-assorted couples are involved in further complications and troubles by the machinations of Mr. Golumpus and Miss Toko, who in the dream have become very degenerate characters, and, to prevent the discovery of their pilfering depredations, foment a quarrel of jealousy between the two friends Cloverton and Pringle. Then ensue a universal row or pantomime-like rally and a scene of wild confusion, aptly characteristic of the ending of an extravagant dream; in the height of which everybody disappears in some extraordinary manner, Miss Toko falling at full length through a "vampire" trap with singular expertness, and by a very cleverly mechanical transformation the scene instantly changes to the drawing-room at the Thames-side hotel, with Cloverton and Pringle just awakening from slumber, to greet Mr. Golumpus and Miss Toko, and call the two young ladies from the terrace in to dinner, which is now served; convinced by the salutary lesson of their dream that a due admixture of sour with sweet is as indispensable to matrimonial happiness as the combination of "oil and vinegar" is to a perfect salad. This fanciful little piece of dramatic extravagance is well worth seeing. It is highly diverting throughout, and is remarkably well acted. The genial 'Cloverton' and ascetic 'Pringle' could scarcely be better represented than by Mr. Arthur Cecil and Mr. J. G. Taylor. Miss West acts the prim 'Miss Annie Black' with appropriate seriousness and chilling solemnity. Mr. Maclean and Mrs. Leigh very effectively assist the extravagant business of the two scenes in the dream, as the designing hypocrites. Mr. Robert Soutar renders prominence to a small part by his droll impersonation of 'Dollimore,' the stolid and pompous head waiter; but the life and soul of the cast is Miss E. Farren, who sustains with unflagging animation the part of 'Mary

White,' whose "jollity" she seems to revel in, especially in the breakdown dance and music-hall song, "The Regent Street Swell," which latter she sings with singular point and piquant dash, and which is nightly encored.

Music.

MUSIC intended for notice in the "Monthly Review of New Music," on the last Saturday of each month, must be sent on or before the previous Saturday.

Benefit Concerts will not (as a rule) be noticed, unless previously advertised in our columns.

ROYAL ALBERT HALL CONCERTS.

ON Saturday last, the first of Messrs. Novello's concerts was given, and attracted a large audience. Unfortunately the building was filled with a London fog, which made it difficult to distinguish objects halfway across the hall, and materially diminished the enjoyment of the concert. Part of the success of vocal music (in ballads at all events) depends on the facial expression of the singer; and even the lively "Largo al factotum" has rather a dismal effect when delivered by a singer whose features are effectually shrouded in mist. The audience were nevertheless in high spirits, and dealt out applause, recalls, and encores, with a heartiness worthy of Mark Tapley. The alterations in the hall were evident improvements. The large canvas velarium has been lowered, and a deep valence is suspended from the circumference, thus preventing the lateral escape of the waves of sound. The floor of the arena, or pit, has been raised, and thus the area within which the sound travels is circumscribed. The result has been that the disagreeable echo which formerly spoiled the enjoyment of music at the Albert Hall has almost entirely ceased. One important effect of raising the floor of the arena has been to render the appearance of the hall more cheerful. Hitherto the visitors to the arena looked anything but comfortable at the bottom of the melancholy pit, which, sunk considerably below the surrounding amphitheatrically arranged seats, suggested recollections of the sufferings of the early Christians. This portion of the building is still furnished with seats, and the only part in which promenading is possible is the upper gallery, which on Saturday last was rather thinly attended. The ventilating and warming arrangements are good, and every possible pains had been taken to promote the comfort of visitors.

The musical arrangements were liberally and skilfully made. An orchestra of about seventy performers, reinforced by the fine band of the Scots Fusilier Guards, under the direction of Mr. van Maanen; and the great organ, with Dr. Stainer, of St. Paul's, as organist, had been secured for the instrumental portion of the concert; while the vocal music was interpreted by Madame Sherrington, Miss Sterling, Mr. Lloyd, Mr. Lewis Thomas, Signor Caravoglia, and other eminent vocalists and a choir of 700 voices. For the guidance of these musical forces efficient commanding officers were provided in the persons of MM. Barnby, J. F. Barnett, Dannreuther, and Randegger, with Mr. Thomas, jun., as accompanist. When it is added that the enjoyment of the music was enhanced by the admirable analytical programme supplied by Mr. Joseph Bennett, it will be seen that Messrs. Novello had done their best to launch their speculation advantageously.

The programme contained a varied selection of music, some of it hardly of the kind to be expected at a "Popular" concert; the intention probably being to give each of the conductors an opportunity of directing some of the special kinds of music for which certain evenings in each week are to be set apart, under separate conductors. It will not be necessary to go through the particulars of the pieces which were performed, numbering twenty in all. Madame Sherrington sang with her accustomed skill a poor composition, entitled "Bird of Love," which was unworthy her powers, and also a vocal waltz by Aspa. Miss Sterling sang Hullah's "Three Fishers," with the strongly marked mannerism which characterises her ballad singing, and ventured to make alterations, which certainly were not improvements, in Kingsley's charming poetry. Subsequently, she sang a song by Miss Gabriel, called "Give him a chance," which is more to be admired from a musical than from a literary point of view. Who "him" may be is left entirely unsettled; the only clue to his identity being furnished in the astounding statement that "he is somebody's son." Mr. Edward Lloyd sang Balfe's "Then you'll remember me" delightfully, and also made a great success in an interesting new song by Mr. Barnby, entitled "My Summer Time." Signor Caravoglia in "Non più andrai," and Mr. Lewis Thomas in "Sulla proppa," acquitted themselves well; and some part songs and glees were well executed by MM. R. Barnby, Carter, Montem Smith, Horscroft, and Winn. The only solo instrumental was Dr. Stainer, who played splendidly an organ offertorium by Lefebure Wely. Miss Zimmermann performed the pianoforte part in Beethoven's great Choral Fantasia with admirable skill. In this famous work the chorals had an opportunity of distinguishing themselves, which was turned to advantage, and their performance merited warm approbation. The principal vocalists, Madame Sherrington, Miss Sterling, Mr. Lloyd, and Mr. Lewis Thomas, did their work well, and the fantasia, which was ably conducted by Mr. Barnby, was one of the most interesting features of the concert. An orchestral fantasia on Russian national airs was played by the Scots Fusiliers band, under the direction of their bandmaster, Mr. van Maanen, the composer of the fantasia,—and proved to be highly interesting, although somewhat too long. The *Tannhäuser* overture and also the march and chorus from the same work were conducted by Mr. Dannreuther. In these as in other portions of the concert, it was evident that the "strings and wood" were not strong enough to contend with the brass instruments. In the final movement of the *Tannhäuser* overture, the descending passages for the violins were almost entirely inaudible.

A number of the best players engaged for these concerts being under engagements to Messrs. A. and S. Gatti until the termination of the Covent Garden Promenade Concerts, November 28, their places at the Albert Hall are filled by deputies; and although there can be little doubt that competent deputies have been provided, it is fair to suppose that the instrumental performances in the Albert Hall Concerts will, three weeks hence, be perceptibly improved when the absent artists arrive.

During the week nightly performances have been given in conformity with the announced arrangements, Monday being devoted to "Ballads," Tuesday to "English" music, Wednesday to "Classical," Thursday to "Oratorio," and Friday to "Wagner," whose writings, however, seem incapable of furnishing an adequate programme for an entire evening, since Spontini and other composers were laid under contribution. This evening a "Popular" concert will be given.

The visitors who travel to the concerts by rail *via* South Kensington are admitted to the Horticultural Gardens by the side door in Exhibition Road, from whence they pass to the Hall under cover; but the walk from the station to the garden entrance is sufficiently long to be disagreeable on wet nights; and the great objection to the Albert Hall—its inaccessibility—must militate seriously against the commercial success of these concerts, however great may be their artistic merits. "Tis not in mortals to command success;" but Messrs. Novello seem resolved to "deserve it."

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

THE last Saturday Concert given at the Crystal Palace worthily maintained the reputation of these unrivalled entertainments. As usual, the subscribers were supplied with musical novelties; Mendelssohn's setting of the 95th Psalm for solo voices, chorus, and orchestra being presented for the first time at these Saturday Concerts; and Mr. H. H. Pierson's overture, *Romeo and Juliet*, being performed for the first time in England. The Psalm served to bring into enviable prominence the great and remarkable improvement of the Crystal Palace choir. The weakness and hesitation which they used often to manifest was no longer apparent. Every point was taken up with a precision which betokened the confidence that springs from careful rehearsals; and among the choralists are many (especially among the sopranos) who possess voices of exceptionally fine quality. The solo vocalists, Madame Sherrington, Miss Thekla Fischer, and Mr. Vernon Rigby, were efficient, but the choir carried off the honours of the performance. This noble work is shortly to be reproduced under interesting circumstances. It is well known that Mendelssohn frequently revised, and in some cases rewrote, portions of his works, after their first performance in public; and Mr. George Grove has added another to the many obligations which he has conferred on lovers of music, by discovering a *finale* written by Mendelssohn as an improvement on the original *finale* with which his setting of the 95th Psalm has hitherto concluded. At the next performance of the work this afterthought *finale* will be given; and its production will be awaited with lively interest.

The programme was enriched by Beethoven's Symphony in F (No. 8), which was magnificently performed. The well-known "Allegretto Scherzando" was redemanded, but Mr. Manns appealed to the audience in favour of several members of the band, who had to fulfil engagements in London, and the encore was relinquished. Mr. Pierson's overture, although it contains some striking phrases and skilful orchestration, is incoherent and ineffective. His overture to *As You Like It*, performed at the Crystal Palace last season, exhibited similar defects; and it seems clear that, in attempting to follow the example of Mendelssohn, his ambition far exceeded his capacity. Mendelssohn, in his *Midsummer Night's Dream* overture, proved his worthiness to associate his name with that of Shakespeare; but Mr. Pierson's *Romeo and Juliet* overture is not only unworthy to bear its title, but is, even as abstract music, entitled to no praise; being a collection of disjointed and purposeless phrases, strung together without any apparent motive or plan, and almost entirely devoid of interest. Nevertheless, the Crystal Palace musical directors must be thanked for presenting the work, as a specimen of a composer respecting whom, in his lifetime, great expectations were formed.

Mdlle. Thekla Fischer, who, at this concert, made her first appearance in England, possesses a contralto voice which has been well cultivated. Her portion of the duet in the 95th Psalm was well sung. In her song, a "Child's Evening Prayer," by Randegger, she was not equally successful, partly because of nervousness, and partly because of the too fully instrumented accompaniment. A second hearing will enable a fairer opinion to be formed respecting her qualifications. The remainder of the vocal music was contributed by Madame Sherrington and Mr. Vernon Rigby. Mr. Manns conducted with his invariable skill and energy.

At this afternoon's concert the "Lenore" Symphony in E Flat, by Joachim Raff, will be produced for the first time in England. Madame Alvsleven and Mr. Santley will be the vocalists.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

ON Monday last, at St. James's Hall, which was filled by an enthusiastic audience, the seventeenth season of the Monday Popular Concerts was successfully inaugurated. The programme contained Mendelssohn's Quartett in E Flat, Op. 44 (No. 3), for two violins, viola, and violoncello, performed by MM. Sainton, Ries, Zerbini, and Pezze (*vice* Signor Piatti, absent from indisposition); Beethoven's Sonata in E Major, Op. 109, for pianoforte (played by Herr von Bülow); and his Sonata in A Major, Op. 69, for pianoforte and violoncello, played by Herr von Bülow and Signor Pezze; and Rubinstein's Trio in B Flat, Op. 52, played by MM. von Bülow, Sainton, and Pezze. It is no disparagement to Signor Pezze to say that even his excellent playing could not compensate for the loss of Signor Piatti. Herr von Bülow has seldom played better than in the A Major Sonata, which he played from the book. His rendering of the No. 109 Sonata lacked delicacy of expression. The vocalist was Miss Sterling, who sang three of Schumann's songs, and a new song, "Thou art weary," by Mr. Arthur Sullivan, which was well received. Sir Julius Benedict accompanied the vocal music in masterly style.

COVENT GARDEN PROMENADE CONCERTS.

THESE concerts are drawing to their close, which is fixed for November 28, and the spirited *entrepreneurs*, Messrs. A. and S. Gatti, are evidently resolved rather to increase than to diminish their provision of attractions. Madame Campobello-Sinico and Madame Alvsleben have appeared several times during the past week, and on Monday last Miss Rose Hersee made her first appearance since her severe illness. Her reception was enthusiastic, and her songs, the *scena* from *Lurline*, and Ganz's "Sing, birdie, sing" (accompanied by the composer), were both encored. She will remain until the close of the season. Mr. Pearson's popularity increases. His voice, though not robust, is of penetrating and agreeable quality, and his clear articulation merits warm commendation. Mr. Wilford Morgan is also a great favourite, and obtains well deserved encores for his English ballads. Herr Gungl is a strong attraction, and Mr. Levy's cornet solos are received with enthusiasm. A capital selection from M. Hervé's *El Creb* has recently been introduced with great success, and the band, under the able direction of M. Hervé, have given excellent performances of important orchestral works. Last Saturday night hundreds of applicants were turned away for want of room, and there seems to be little doubt that the Covent Garden season will finish brilliantly.

DR. LYNN resumes his clever entertainment at the Egyptian Hall on Monday afternoon next.

MR. HENRY NEVILLE's benefit at the Olympic Theatre is announced for Thursday week, the 26th instant.

The Criterion Theatre will reopen under the direction of Mrs. H. W. Liston as soon as possible after the production of M. Lecocq's new opéra-bouffe, *Les Prés St. Gervais*, at the Variétés, Paris.

THE Royal Alexandra Theatre, Park Street, Camden Town, reopens to-night, under the management of Mr. George Owen, with the celebrated drama of *Leah*, with Mrs. Owen as the Jewish maiden, and the popular drama of *Aurora Floyd*, specially arranged by Mr. Owen.

LAST Saturday the long expected spectacular drama, entitled *Le Tour du Monde*, by MM. Jules Verne and Dennery, was produced at the Porte-St.-Martin. Among the numerous sensational scenes with which it abounds are an attack by red-skin Indians on a railway train, a steamboat explosion, an Indian battle, &c.



J. STURGES. DEL.

"KING OF THE HORSE."

CRANE.



A SKETCH AT THE LYCEUM.

FATHERS OF THE ENGLISH STUD.

No. XXVI.—KING OF THE FOREST.

In our introductory notice to the above-mentioned series, we informed our readers that, in selecting subjects for representation in our pages, we should "of course naturally give precedence to one or two kings of the Stud, whose exploits have carried them high above their fellows; but the entertainment will be varied by names of bygone might and strength, as well as by the introduction of those new aspirants to stud honours which public opinion has decided shall have a fair trial." Accordingly, we present our readers this week with the portrait and memoir of a horse not unknown to fame as a racer, and the promise of whose firstlings warrants our introduction of him into the gallery we have undertaken to complete. It is not often that we are able to record the fact of grandsire, sire, and son prosecuting their stud labours together, and sustaining the prestige of a family which for speed, stamina, quality, and beauty, it would be difficult to match in a long search through the many illustrious lines of which our "Stud Book" is composed. In vain we may search for three handsomer or more useful representatives of the great Touchstone line than Lord of the Isles, Scottish Chief, and King of the Forest, and all bearers in their day of that formidable black and yellow to which the South has come to bear as true allegiance as the bonnie Land of Cakes. When we last saw Lord of the Isles in his twentieth year, he still bore traces of that marvellous beauty of outline and colour which distinguished him on the morning William Day brought him out to do battle against St. Hubert over the Rowley Mile, and besides the puissant Scottish Chief, he can boast of Dundee, of whom "The Druid" writes that he was "the mightiest Derby second which ever made the Scotscock their bonnets so boldly."

Scottish Chief's six lengths' Ascot Cup victory is still fresh in our minds on that afternoon memorable in Russley annals when her representatives swept the four great prizes of the day off the

board, and brought Liddington and Zambezi to the shortest of early Derby prices. Strangely enough, Lord of the Isles, Scottish Chief, and King of the Forest, all ran third for the great Epsom race (though the subject of this notice may claim to have been a "bracketed second"), and none of the three stood up to claim a new trial in the St. Leger. Their revenge was left for Marie Stuart to effect, and right well has she sustained the reputation of that family, which has played so glorious a part in the history of the great Berkshire stable. It was the Touchstone blood fortified by the Pantaloon strain through Fair Helen which gave us the sherry bay "Isles;" to a further admixture of Sweetmeat and The Little Known we are indebted for Dundee and Scottish Chief, while a happy union of the latter with a Fandango mare crossed with the stout Muley blood has resulted in the sterling little horse to which we now introduce our readers. King of the Forest, by Scottish Chief out of Lioness, by Fandango out of Manceuvre, by Rector, grandam by Muley out of sister to Perchance, was bred by his late owner, Mr. Merry, in 1868, and was the second living foal of his dam, now in Mr. Houldsworth's stud. Lioness, purchased from Mr. T. Dawson by the laird of Russley, was the heroine of the somewhat sensational Cesarewitch in 1863, which she won in the commonest of canterers from a large field. Her previous performances had been mediocre in the extreme, and the Admiral was consequently betrayed into imposing on her a mere feather-weight, which made the race the certainty Mat Dawson alleged it to be for his mare. After picking up another fair stake in Scotland the same autumn, Lioness did not again trouble the starter, and Scottish Chief became her first consort at the stud. She was barren to him in 1866, but in the next year produced that very useful filly, Lady of Lyons, who, if she had not happened to have been one of a bunch of two-year-olds containing Sunshine, Sunlight, and Macgregor, might have had more attention paid to her, and her excellent racing qualities more fully recognised. Possibly she might with advantage have been substituted for

Sunshine in the Oaks, for at Goodwood she beat Gamos cleverly enough, besides doing the stable good service both at home and abroad. King of the Forest was her next foal, and was not long in making his mark on the Turf, commencing at Epsom in June, and finishing up with the Doncaster Champagne in September. Between the hour in which he made his first public bow in the Stanley Stakes on "the glorious first of June" and the last day of the fiery month of July, he ran no less than *eight* times, winning six races, and being only beaten a head for the remaining two. Like many another good horse, his first essay was disastrous, as he got "chopped" over the short and easy half-mile at Epsom by Bicycle, a very speedy filly from Danebury, with a good field behind the pair. At Ascot, however, he showed in very different colours, and under the guidance of Hunt disposed of such clever cattle as Perfume, Digby Grand, Pate, Rosierucian, and Hawthornden, over the severe T.Y.C. in the Queen's Stand Plate. On the next day, with J. Grimshaw in the saddle, he beat Camenbert, Pink, and Granville, "anyhow" in a Triennial, his jockey almost walking him from the post to the enclosure, having quietly cantered him from the distance. The next week he was despatched to Newcastle to meet Rebecca and Mdle. de Mailloc in the Seaton Delaval Stakes, for which Snowden brought him in a very clever winner by two lengths. After this he was hurried back to the South for his Stockbridge engagements, whither he naturally came a trifle sore and stale, but beat Crichton and The Count for the Stockbridge Biennial, being once more entrusted to Grimshaw's care. On the Thursday, however, Digby Grand and an extra 7 lbs. were too much for him in the Mottisfont, and "Jemmy" riding him rather too jollily, he was beaten a neck, this being his *sixth* race within the month. Consequently it was full time for him to be eased; therefore, declining his Newmarket engagement, he was indulged until the week before Goodwood, where Snowden brought him home a handsome winner in the Findon, Ripponden meeting him with 5 lbs. the best of the weights, but not being able to get near him. Snowden had another

winning mount on him in the first year of the Bentinck Memorial, after a clever piece of kidding with Morris on Pink, a performance very much canvassed at the time, and more so to his prejudice when he could only beat Mdle. de Mailloc by a head at Stockton over the seven-furlong course. After this he was rattled along in earnest with an eye to the Doncaster Champagne, in which he was opposed by his old enemy, Ripponden, and three others of less account. Again he won, but only by a head, thus treading in the footsteps of Zambezi and Sunshine, his Russley predecessors in the great two-year-old race of the North. After this performance it was deemed advisable to throw him up, and decline his Newmarket engagements, including the Middle Park Plate, so cleverly won by Albert Victor, to whom, judging by after events, he could never have conceded the extra weight his Doncaster victory compelled him to carry. Consequently his position as Derby favourite was shaken for a time; and at the end of the year, when Waugh resigned his post as head of affairs at Russley, he was transferred to Robert Peck's hands, and, having wintered well, was soon put into strong work for the Two Thousand, holding his market position firmly, though perhaps not quite so spiritedly supported by the public as the generality of Mr. Merry's favourites. We believe we are correct in stating that he was considerably upset by a trial previous to the Newmarket race, in which he got such a thorough soaking that, although he had answered the question put to him by Mr. Merry handsomely enough, he went amiss for some days, and had no time to pick up again before he was stripped to meet Sterling and Co. over the Rowley Mile. Be this as it may, he looked pinched and out of sorts when the day came, but, running as gamely as usual, for the first and only time in his racing career, had to put up with the third place, Bothwell and Sterling finishing in front of him. By the Derby Day he had begun to come round again, and, having been judiciously eased by Peck, showed to far better advantage in the paddock at Epsom, though the fielders took liberties with him, and he had not many friends at 12 to 1. Throughout the race, however, he ran with his usual determination and gameness, and had only to succumb at last to the bigger and longer striding Favonius, Albert Victor running a dead heat with him for second place. This performance at once established the fact of Bothwell's position in the Guineas being to some extent a fluke; but probably The King, like most genuine stayers, was always favoured by longer distances than those over which he sustained defeat. The Prince of Wales' Stakes at Ascot showed him in his true colours at last, and Peck having brought him to the post, ripe as a peach and strong as a lion, he presented his ancient foe, Ripponden, with 12 lbs. and a half-length beating; Hannah, with one pound less than the winner on her back, being third, and Sterling, with 2 lbs. the best of the weights, Bothwell, Digby Grand, and Noblesse being among the "great unplaced." And as if to show that he won his race purely through stamina and gameness, Sterling, at even weights, had no difficulty in bowling him over at a mile the next day, the King never being able to get on terms with his more "slashing" and speedy opponent. All through the summer there was a something in the money market which caused his friends some uneasiness, and although Peck was not afraid to pull him out for his Goodwood engagements, and he had no difficulty in placing the Drawing Room Stakes and the Bentinck (for the second time) to his owner's credit, the black cloud kept gathering apace, and a report of his breakdown after a gallop at Russley was verified too soon by detailed confirmation of the disaster. With his usual prompt and honourable policy, Mr. Merry at once scratched The King out of the St. Leger, in which the positions of Hannah and Albert Victor showed plainly enough that the bay would have been "among them" at the finish had he only stood up. A long course of rest, though it failed to set quite right the erring leg, nevertheless enabled Peck to put him into easy work before Goodwood came round again, Mr. Merry being particularly anxious to secure the accumulation of the annual deductions from the Stakes which became the property of a treble winner of the Bentinck Memorial. So far as we can recollect, only Mr. Bowes' Old Orange Girl has thrice come scatheless through the contest, thus securing the deducted percentages of former anniversaries. Accordingly The King was under orders for Goodwood, and showed once again on the race-course before bidding a long farewell to the Turf. Patched-up cripple as he was, he found but a solitary opponent in Tonques, who never gave him a moment's trouble, though both owner and trainer were on thorns, knowing that he might break down at any moment. He pulled up sound, however, but very leg-weary; and it was not deemed expedient to put him into work again. Before the commencement of the next season he was let to Mr. Gee, and bore Lord Clifden and Scottish Chief company at Dewhurst. There he was judiciously limited to four of his owner's mares, but as Virtue and other good ones were amongst them, it was no small compliment to pay a young and untried sire. Mr. Merry likewise sent him Sunshine and three others, and he began well by foaling all his mares, and, what is more, making his mark early in life by his first batch of youngsters, which promise exceedingly well. Indeed, visitors to Park Paddocks at Newmarket are all in love with his foal from Virtue, and the rest of his stock are good-looking, shapely animals, with plenty of size and bone. At the end of the 1873 season, he went up for sale at Doncaster in company with Student, St. Mungo, and Macgregor, his dam having been sold to Mr. Houldsworth, at Hurstbourne, in June in foal to Scottish Chief for 1000 guineas. The three "splendid cripples" only realised 620 guineas altogether, but Mr. Thompson, of Moorlands, with true Yorkshire instinct, had set his heart upon having The King in place of his sire at Moorlands, and bid up manfully for his possession to keep him in the "county of acres." Mr. Waring, however, then casting about for a horse, stayed the longest, and took him home to Buckland, where his favours have last season been limited to ten of his owner's mares, and for the ensuing year he is advertised to accommodate a limited number of public mares (in addition to some of his owner's) at thirty guineas each. Both from Cobham and Sheffield Lane he has received retainers, and his judiciously limited list is not likely to remain long unfilled. Being six years old, he may be said to have had a fair start of life, and his owner has determined that he shall not be overtaxed at first, so that he will have every chance of distinction. All the Stockwell mares at Buckland, which include such celebrities as Penelope Plotwell, Woodbine, and Lady Chesterfield, will be reserved for King of the Forest, and if the theory of a certain distinguished and successful breeder be correct, the second cross of Touchstone blood (a slice of which so many of the Stockwell mares possess) will not come amiss, especially when filtered through such choice strains as compose The King's pedigree.

King of the Forest is a rich bay horse with good black points, standing 15 hands 3 inches high, and is of that low and lengthy type which distinguishes Newminster and other celebrated fathers of the English Stud. He has no white about him excepting a small star in the face and his off hind foot. His head is particularly handsome and expressive, with full generous eye, and tapering downwards to a regular "pint pot" nose. His neck is strong, and his shoulders well laid and sloping, with great depth of girth, and short strong back. He is very level and "mouldy" along the quarters, and stands very square and true on excellent legs and feet, with plenty of muscle on his arms and thighs. His pasterns are slightly inclined to be long, but they are springy and

sloping, and he is an excellent mover in all his paces, his walk being particularly remarkable for elasticity and truth of movement. Having plenty of exercise and a perfect palace to lounge about in, he is blest with the most tranquil of tempers, and is entirely devoid of all those Cruiser-like propensities which make too many stallion boxes Inquisition chambers for grooms and attendants. Objection has been made to him that he is "too small," but then the public must have a "magnificent" horse for their money. Certainly, if sold by the pound, King of the Forest would not realise so much as the mammoth Knight of Kars, or other giants of the Stud; but he is, at any rate, on a far larger scale than Parnes (already the sire of two Derby winners), a better performer, and quite as well bred. He has every chance of a brilliant future if only properly mated; and having made a good beginning, the fault will lie at his own door if he fails in subsequent seasons to command a fair share of that public patronage so necessary for *débutants* at the Stud.

Provincial.

BRIGHTON.—THEATRE ROYAL.—Mr. William Wheeler, for many years box-office keeper, had his annual bespeak on Saturday night, and was well patronised. Sir Garnet and Lady Wolsley were present. In the drama of *The Ticket-of-leave Man* Mr. Chart resumed his favourite rôle of the detective, a part in which he excels. The sprightly *soubrette*, Miss Edith Bruce, generously gave her services, and her assumption of the fast boy 'Sam,' and the volatile 'Alessio' in the travesty on *La Sonnambula* were prominent features in the entertainment. Mr. Day made a very tame 'Bob Brierley,' not worthy of a place beside the 'May Edwards' of Mrs. Nye Chart, which was a most natural and effective conception.

Mr. Sims Reeves, the premier English tenor, with Misses Annie Goodall and Gertrude Ashton, Messrs. George Fox, J. T. Dalton, and Madame Florence Lancia, commenced a week's stay in opera on Monday. *Guy Rammerey, The Beggar's Opera, The Waterman, and Lucia di Lammermoor*, were the pieces in which Mr. Reeves sustained the leading parts, singing the incidental songs with marvellous expression and sweetness. His pathetic rendering of "Tom Bowling," and the purity with which he gave the "Pilgrim of Love" elicited hearty and amply merited plaudits from very large and influential audiences. "The Death of Nelson" was finely given. Mr. George Fox, Madame Lancia, Miss Mabel Hayes, Miss Goodall, were each admirable in their several lines. On the off nights not specialised for Mr. Reeves's appearance, *Martina* and *The Bohemian Girl* were given; Messrs. Dalton, Fox, Mrs. Jones, Mdms. Lancia, Gertrude Ashton, and Goodall taking the chief characters. The after-pieces have been the *Rough Diamond* and *Trying it on*, supported by the stock company. There have been good houses during the week. Miss Jenny Beaulere is engaged to support the male burlesque portion of the ensuing pantomime, which is in active preparation.

GRAND CONCERT HALL.—Messrs. Hamilton's delightful panorama, depicting a trip across the Atlantic, and a tour through America and Canada, has opened here for a season of three months. The views are a masterpiece of the limner's art, and the vocal contributions diversifying a most intellectual and interesting *morceau*, the scene showing the landing of Prince Alfred and his bride at Gravesend, which is a capital *souvenir* of one of the most remarkable epochs in history, and calls forth the approbation of crowded assemblages.

ROYAL PAVILION.—Mr. and Mrs. German Reed have given their superb and sparkling characteristic entertainment to large and attentive audiences.

BRISTOL.—NEW THEATRE.—Mr. John Clarke, who is an old favourite in Bristol, has been appearing here this week in company with Miss Furtado, who is new to a local audience. *The Green Bushes, Blow for Blow, The School for Scandal* (Mr. Clarke playing 'Sir Peter Teazle' for the first time), and *Progress*, have been the chief pieces; the performance terminating each evening with *The Bonnie Fishwife*. Miss Furtado's bright and intelligent acting in every part has been thoroughly appreciated.

OLD THEATRE.—This week *The Dead Heart* has been played at the King Street Theatre by Mr. Coleman's company, a good change from last week's performance. Mr. Coleman plays 'Robert Laundry' fairly well, an excess of melodramatic business being excusable in such a part, and Mr. David Fisher's 'Abbé de Latour' has done much to making the representation successful. Miss Helen Barry plays well as 'Katherine.'

CORK.—THEATRE ROYAL (proprietor, Mr. R. C. Burke).—On next Monday will be produced in this house, for the first time in Cork, Mr. Tom Taylor's play of *Glancarty*. The piece will be given by Mr. Richard Young's company, and great things are promised.

MUNSTER HALL (proprietors, Messrs. MacCarthy and Scanlan).—Miss Carrie Nelson's company continues to attract very fair houses at this place, and have put some pieces very creditably on the stage, while others have not been so successful. If companies of this class would confine their efforts to plays within the scope of their powers they would very much more increase their reputation than in attempting, and failing, in works altogether beyond their capabilities. *The Grand Duchess* was given on Tuesday, and was well done, Miss Nelson, Mr. McFadyn, and the other members of the company, being much applauded.

EDINBURGH.—THEATRE ROYAL (lessee, Mr. R. H. Wyndham).—The nine nights' season of opera was inaugurated on Monday evening with *Trois Actes*, which drew an overflowing house. It is unnecessary to say a word about Mdle. Titiens' 'Leonora.' In the heart-moving "D' amor sull' ali rose" she produced a great sensation. 'Azucena' was represented by Madame Trebelli-Bettini, who on this occasion gave us so striking an impersonation that she almost eclipsed all the other dramatic personae. The other operas during the week have been *Il Flauto Magico* (substituted for the promised *Martha*), *Il Talismano*, *Le Nozze di Figaro*, *La Sonnambula*, and *Lucresia Borgia*, which have been rendered with uniform excellence by Mr. Mapleson's company.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE (lessee, Mr. A. D. McNeill).—*The Colleen Bawn* and *Pizarro* have been withdrawn in favour of the sensational drama *Lost in London*. Some of the characters—those, for instance, represented by Messrs. Hardman, Rignold, Cowper, and Crauford, and Misses Glynne, Mortimer, and Morley—are sustained with creditable skill and effect.

OPERA HOUSE (lessee, Mr. C. Bernard).—The *Two Roses* gave place on Monday to Albery's other comedy, *Apple Blossoms*, to which full justice was done by the members of Mr. Flockton's company. The cast was a strong one.

A first-class concert, under the direction of Mr. James Lumsden, a well-known caterer of Edinburgh amusements, took place in the Music Hall on Saturday night. The artists were Miss Edith Wynne, Madame Patey, Mr. W. H. Cummings, Mr. Patey, and Mr. C. W. Ewing, all of whom were well received. It appeared to us that the performers treated their work as a labour of love, so much earnestness and artistic feeling did they throw into it. Miss Wynne gave in excellent style "Softly Sighs," "Love, the Minstrel," and "One morning, oh, so early," while Gounod's sweet *berceuse*, "Quand tu chantes," was exquisitely sung by Madame Patey. We trust the decided success of his opening concert may induce Mr. Lumsden to give us a repetition on an early occasion.

EXETER.—THEATRE ROYAL (lessee, Mr. Neebe).—On Friday *London Assurance* was produced, and proved a pleasant change to the realistic dramas we have been lately enjoying. Mr. Valentine gave a very finished portrait of the baronet, 'Sir Harcourt Courtly,' and Mr. Honey, who, although one of the cleverest members of the company, is usually confined to second low-comedy business, had an opportunity, as 'Dolly Spanker,' of showing how well he can act. On Saturday *Rob Roy* was played, with Miss Rhodes as 'Diana Vernon,' and Mr. Murray as 'Francis Osbaldistone,' the songs being very nicely rendered by both. On Monday H. J. Byron's drama *Blow for Blow* was introduced to an Exeter audience for the first time, and took amazingly. Miss Rhodes played the dual parts of 'Mildred Petherick' and 'Alice Craddock,' and Miss Leicester was a graceful 'Lady Ethel.' Mr. Porter was quite at home as the villain 'John Drummond,' and Mr. Valentine was as effective as usual in the little part of 'Dr. Grace.' Last, but not least, were Miss Warner and Mr. Cumberland,

in whose hands the parts of 'Kitty Wobbler' and 'Charley Spraggs' were most amusing. The piece was repeated on Tuesday, in conjunction with the *Orange Tree* burlesque, for the benefit of the Hospital, and drew a crowded house.

GREAT YARMOUTH.—THEATRE ROYAL.—Miss Virginia Blackwood's Two Orphans company having concluded a successful fortnight's representation of the above-named successful Olympic drama, Messrs. Matthews Brothers' C. C. Christy Minstrel troupe have occupied the theatre for the first three evenings of the current week, the patronage accorded having been of a first-rate character on each evening. The company comprises Messrs. T. W. Matthews, W. Matthews, H. Matthews, Frank Machin, Norman Wilson, J. Arnold, T. Sylvester, Leon Clarence, and Charles Smith, while the instrumentalists include Mr. J. Carpenter, violin; Mr. C. Murray, harp; Mr. Gray, cornet; Mr. Corby, violoncello, and Mr. W. Carpenter, concertina. The programme has been varied each evening, though some of the best received items have been repeated. Mr. W. Matthews' laughing song met with great success, as did the selection from *Madame Angot*, with which the first part of the entertainment concluded on one evening. The solos on harp, violin, flute, and cornet were well executed and loudly applauded. The glees "By Celia's Arbour," and "Strike the Lyre" also deserve praise. Mr. T. Sylvester's burlesque *primadonna* scenes are very clever, and cause much amusement. Two bouquets rewarded his efforts on one evening. Mr. Harry Matthews' banjo song "Joshua-a" was received with roars of laughter. The usual farce has wound up the entertainment each evening, selected from *The Idle Apprentice, Justice in a Coloured Court, The Baby Elephant, and Time Tries All*.

CORN HALL.—Messrs. Poole and Lamb's Diorama, entitled "From Charing Cross to Calcutta" has been doing tolerable business during the week. Mr. F. Harland conducts what is termed "a descriptive lecture." Some of the pictures are very good.

HUDDERSFIELD.—THEATRE ROYAL (lessee, Mr. Edward Clayton).—Mr. Brandon Ellis's "Through the World Company" commenced a second week's engagement here on the 9th inst., and are now appearing with pretty fair success in Mr. Ellis's new play, entitled *A Wicked Woman*, dramatized by him from Miss Gertrude Fenton's novel of that name. The leading characters of the play (which abounds in sensationalism, and is very effectively rendered) are sustained by the author, Miss Maud Haydon, Miss Helen Cresswell, and Mr. G. F. Sinclair. Herr Bandmann commences a six nights' engagement here on the 23rd inst.

LEICESTER.—THEATRE ROYAL (lessee and manager, Mr. Elliot Galer).—*Extremes; or, Men of the Day*, produced last Monday, only shows to what extremes we are enabled to go after successfully playing *Macbeth*, and the fact remains that the company is just as good in Falconer's comedy. It has been most evenly acted, and before such appreciative audiences that the pleasure is great on both sides of the curtain. Really, Mr. Galer's excellent catering is in every respect worthy of the theatre, and the public ought to show an equal liberality in attendance. Of course the very showy part of 'Frank Hawthorne' is in Mr. Vandenhoff's safe keeping, and his noble and manly outspoken Englishman would please even the author himself, so would Mr. M. H. Barrymore's clever Dunderbairn as the 'Hon. Augustus Adolphus'; Mrs. C. Morgan's 'Mrs. Wildbriar' seemed rather too boisterous, but clever in every other respect; the innocent, yet keen, 'Jenny' was prettily played by Miss Kate Varley; Miss Clara Lisle executed the difficult character of 'Miss Vavasour' with infinite credit; 'Robin Wildbriar' was a suitable vehicle for Mr. C. Ashford's comedy nature; and, indeed, those parts played by Mr. Tate, Mr. Comer, Mr. West, and others, were all worthy of note. The extravaganza of *The Field of the Cloth of Gold*, which wants for its proper representation so many leading ladies, has succeeded the comedy, and this latest success has brought us up to the revival of *The School for Scandal*, which we hope to notice next week.

LIVERPOOL.—ROYAL ALEXANDRA THEATRE.—Decidedly the most important production, as regards outlay and spectacular effect, that has ever been brought forward in Liverpool was the revival of *Henry V.* at this theatre on Monday last. The version produced by Mr. E. Saker was the same as that brought out by Mr. Charles Calvert recently, at Manchester and Birmingham, the same dresses, appointments, and scenery being employed here as at the original reproduction. The popular predilection for Shakespeare, when properly presented, as on this occasion, was evinced by an overcrowded house and a most enthusiastic audience, the run of the piece promising to be attended by the most marked success. The production was superintended in rehearsal by Mr. Saker, Mr. Calvert attending the final preparations; and the result of elaborate care was evidenced in the fact that the whole piece went so smoothly on the first night that Mr. Calvert had no occasion to wait it out, but returned to Manchester perfectly satisfied with Mr. Saker's competent company, and the adequacy of the scenic and stage arrangements. The play was performed with unequivocal success, and, large as the cast was, the several important rôles could hardly have been better sustained. Mr. E. H. Brooke made a remarkably spirited 'King Henry,' delivering the long soliloquies and impassioned addresses with striking power and intelligent appreciation of the text. Mrs. Fairfax spoke the lines of chorus with sonorous dignity and clearness; Miss Alma Santon acted with charming naïveté and grace as 'Princess Katharine,' and the other female parts were very effectively sustained by Miss Harvey, Miss C. Steele, and Mrs. Brooke. It would be impossible here to review in detail the merits of the principal actors; suffice it to say, that the comic element of the piece was rendered very acceptable by the infectious humour imparted to 'Fluellen' by Mr. Fred Thorne, and by the capital conception of the braggart 'Pistol,' presented by Mr. E. Saker, who was enthusiastically summoned before the curtain and rewarded for his individual acting and managerial enterprise by prolonged applause. The splendid series of set scenes, painted by Messrs. Grieve, Telbin, Lloyds, and Hann, the exactness and completeness of the costumes and accessories, the elaborateness of the musical arrangements by Mr. H. J. Loveday, and the engagement of some two hundred supernumeraries, all contribute to the success of this important revival, which bids fair to attract all Liverpool for some weeks to come.

THEATRE ROYAL.—This week—the Liverpool race week—the special attractions have been Mr. Harry Jackson in *The Creole*, and the old burlesque of *Midas*, with Miss Ruth Edwin in the part of 'Apollo.' Both pieces have been worthily presented, and the attendances this week have been commensurate with the attractions.

PRINCE OF WALES' THEATRE.—Here Mr. W. Sidney has secured, for a fortnight, the services of Mrs. Rousby, who reappeared in Liverpool in *Mary Queen of Scots*, Mr. W. G. Wills' drama. It has been excellently presented by Mr. Sidney's well-selected company, including Messrs. W. J. Christie, T. H. Potter, Roberts and Gordon, and Mrs. Rousby come in for her due share of the leading honours in the title rôle. The farce of *My Turn Next* has formed the nightly prelude. For next week, *Twist Axe and Crown* is to be revived. Mr. John Hare and Mr. G. W. Anson are announced to reappear at this theatre shortly, in favourite specialties.

Military concerts are now the leading features in Liverpool musical circles. The Philharmonic Hall was crowded to excess twice last Saturday by the Grenadier Guards' band, and to-day (Saturday) the same hall will be occupied by the Royal Artillery band, and again, next Saturday, by the Grenadier Guards' orchestra, in consequence of their previous striking successes.

PLYMOUTH.—THEATRE ROYAL (lessee and manager, Mr. J. R. Newcombe).—This week, Thursday excepted, we have had the Adelphi melodrama of *The Sea of Ice*. The piece is of the ultra-sensational type, but vastly superior to its kind. The mechanical arrangements and effects have been produced most creditably, and the scenery, being unusual, was most attractive; the cast, too, being excellent, left nothing to be desired. Mr. Arthur Lyle effectively filled the rôle of 'Carlos' the adventurer; Mr. W. S. Hardy was 'Horace de Brionne,' and Mr. H. Cane, 'Barnabas.' The ladies deserve much praise; the most difficult character in the piece, that of 'Louise de Lascours,' found an admirable portrayer in Miss Catheart; Miss Hilda Temple as 'Mdle. Diane de Lascours,' acted with her usual care. The after-piece has been the amusing farce of *The Artful Dodge*. The houses we regret to state, have not been large; perhaps this is to be attributed to the numerous other attractions at present in the town, although it is most lamentable and disheartening that this should be the case, considering the attractiveness of the piece and the expense our worthy lessee has been placed to in order to produce it in a creditable manner.

The public here seem to be peculiarly capricious, sometimes the theatre is nearly empty, whilst some trumpery entertainment is wonderfully well attended.

SHEFFIELD.—THEATRE ROYAL.—This week the playgoers of Sheffield have had another opportunity of witnessing the efforts of Mdlle. Beatrice and her comedy-drama company. The following pieces have been produced, viz.: *Our Friends, Frou Frou, Mary Stuart*, and *Broken Ties*, with Mdlle. Beatrice in the principal role. The audiences have been very large and appreciative, calling the performers before the curtain at the end of each act. The charming comedietta of *They are All Alike* concludes the evening's entertainment.

THE ALEXANDRA.—Mr. H. Loraine is still fulfilling his engagement here, which proves a most successful one, for the house has been crowded each evening. Mr. Loraine, as 'Claudius,' in *The Slave's Ransom*, is really clever; the piece affords him full scope for his fine elocutionary powers. He is well supported by Messrs. J. Fox, J. F. Scott, T. Thornton and J. Marshall, Mesdames E. Forde, and A. Ridyard. On Wednesday evening Miss Annie Anderson, the charming serio-comic, took her benefit, when Mr. Loraine appeared as 'Shylock,' in *The Merchant of Venice*, after which Miss Anderson sang some of her favourite songs. The performance concluding with *The Loan of a Lover*.

STOCKTON-ON-TEES.—THEATRE ROYAL.—The burlesque of *Brum* has been having a protracted run here, as the company comprising the stock artists are very well up in that line of business. Seldom have I seen a burlesque made more of in the provinces, either as to mounting or acting. The title rôle was assumed by Mdlle. Antoinette, a graceful danseuse, while 'Carlos' was represented by Miss Lillie Roberts with much artistic faithfulness and considerable "go." The company numbers several creditable chanteuses, and the terpsichorean display during the evening evinced the efforts of accomplished "all-round" artists. As is the case with much modern adaptation, Lecocq's music was predominant. On Saturday last the burlesque was preceded by *Kathleen Mavourneen*, a noticeable feature in which was (not an exceptional circumstance) the lame attempts to introduce the Hibernian brogue. On Monday that interesting play *The Lioness of the North* was produced to an average audience, Mr. Fitzroy Wallace (manager) representing 'Alexis Romanowski' with much ability, Miss Lillie Roberts assuming the heroine with commendable tact. As a young lady artist, Miss Roberts gives great promise for future attainments in the line of legitimate drama.

HIGH-CLASS CONCERTS.—On Thursday, Miss Edith Wynne, Madame Patey, and Messrs. Cummings and Patey sang in the Borough Hall in a miscellaneous concert before a full and fashionable assembly. Madame Patey's mellow, clear, deep-toned contralto voice was much appreciated, and Miss Wynne's expressive vocalisation was eagerly listened to. On Tuesday, this week, in the same hall, Mdlle. Carlotta Patti, Mdlle. de Grandeville, Signor Danieli (tenor), Signor Frederici (baritone), and M. Theodore Ritter (solo pianiste), sang before a select audience, and were much appreciated, several encores being replied to.

BY THE BYE,

when one's feelings are "needlessly and wantonly shocked" without our knowing it, it is pleasant to remember that there is at least one friend whose kindly and Christian feelings will not permit him to permit us to remain in such a lamentable state of blissful ignorance. Such a friend is our good Lord Chamberlain. Mr. Spurgeon's name was mentioned—merely mentioned—at the Charing Cross Theatre in the extravaganza of *Blue Beard*, but neither that worthy and manly preacher nor any of his enthusiastic and numerous admirers noticed the trifling fact as one calling for any special notice or protest. It remained for our excessively sensitive and meddling good Lord Chamberlain to administer in their name a stern rebuke to Miss Lydia Thompson, who consequently wrote a courteous note to Mr. Spurgeon, who thereupon wrote to the actress as courteously, assuring the lady that he had, what the Lord Chamberlain had not, sufficient good sense to leave the matter in her hands. Speaking of an English actress, reminds us that it is much better for a lady of the theatrical profession to be English than French, for, thank goodness! it is here no part of a newspaper reporter's duty to dog the steps of every actress of renown like a police spy, as the Parisian *rapporteur* does. "If," says the Paris correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian*, "she enters a house, he questions the porter; he follows her into the shops where she makes purchases, and into the restaurant where she dines. Next day he will relate in his paper that 'Mdlle. N. bought a grey *faillie* dress at such a shop, a false tress of hair at such another, that she dined in No. 9 cabinet of such a restaurant with Monsieur Z.;' nay, he will even give you the bill of fare, adding probably that 'the manager of her theatre was obliged to inform the public that she could not appear that evening on account of indisposition'; and also that 'she gives out that she is only twenty-two, but we—

we have been to the Registrar's Office



and have discovered that she was born in 1842." Speaking of Paris,

By THE BYE, reminds us that our enterprising contemporaries, the managers of the Alexandra Palace—which is to be opened next spring—have been there seeking novelties in the way of amusement, and that their search is said to have been a successful one.

The stories we have this week heard of travellers from afar waiting outside the doors of the Lyceum Theatre bring to our remembrance an old green-room anecdote, which has been told of many eminent actors and actresses, as well as of some who tell the tale of themselves and are by no means eminent. It really belonged to Mrs. McGibbon, a lady who attained some fame as an actress shortly after the death of Mrs. Siddons, and who was a daughter of Woodfall, the publisher of "Junius." On one occasion, when she was playing 'Jane Shore' at Cheltenham, a poor old woman, said to be ninety years of age, was seen waiting outside the door of the theatre, who being questioned stated that she had walked eight miles to see her play, intending to walk the same distance back after the performance. Mrs. McGibbon, hearing of this, asked incredulously if the poor old creature had her intellects. "Well, I don't know, Mum," replied the girl who was dressing her for the stage, "she's gotten *summat* tied up in her pocket-handkercher." There is another old green-room story, which the famous John Emery used to tell in the days of his glory, of a countryman who also came a long distance to "zee" the play. The theatre at Teignmouth used to fill very well during the season, but seldom before half-price time, so that the evening's performance frequently commenced to half

a dozen spectators, and by the fall of the curtain the house was crowded in every part. One evening, when the fare provided was



(why should we not perpetuate the good old jokes of the pencil as we do those of the pen?), when the overture was over, and the curtain about to rise, it was discovered that, sitting on the first bench of the pit, a broad-breasted, ruddy-faced, stolid-looking farmer formed

the audience



(a full one)

John Emery was then a fiddler in the orchestra, who occasionally played what are called "utility" parts, and on this occasion he was dressed for that of 'Diggory.' Acting upon a suggestion of the manager, Emery made his appearance upon the stage, and, bending over the footlights, made a rustic obeisance.

"Survent, Zur. Measter ha'zent I to knau if thee shouldst loike to ha' tha' mooney back again, and go whoam, or will't zit a bit till the gentlefolks do cum in vrom the town, and zo ha' the play surved up to 'ee at once?"

The farmer rose from his seat, and, after twirling his hat and scratching his ear (those invariable stimulants to the intellectual faculties of a rustic), replied—

"Why, makee my duty to your measter, young man, and zay as how I be cum zome distance to zee all your doin's, but I bent in no hurry. You zee, young man, it wouldna be zivil o' I to ha' all the play to myself; so tell un I'll zit down and wait a bit till gentlefolks cum." And so he did, most patiently, until half past nine, when, the orchestra having given him an occasional tune, the "gentlefolks" came in from the sands, and the play, commencing at the fourth act, was concluded to his entire satisfaction and delight.

Emery was at that time unknown, and a suspicion of the fame he was afterwards to make as a delineator of rustic characters was awakened on this occasion for the first time.

Few men have been more varied in their accomplishments than Emery was, and in his time he played even more parts than actors usually undertake. He was born at Sunderland, in December, 1777, and at twelve years of age he commenced his theatrical career as a violin player in the orchestra; he was a clever painter, one of the best story-tellers that even a green-room could boast, and a song-writer of no small ability. Both his father and mother belonged to the stage. Talfourd said:—"His 'Tyke' (in *The School of Reform*) was the grandest specimen of the rude sublime; his 'Giles' in *The Miller's Man* was almost as intense, and the whole conception of a loftier caste." Speaking of his personation of the former character, Mr. W. C. Russell says:—"A sailor in the pit was so enraged at 'Tyke's' duplicity that but for his messmates he would have jumped on the stage and soundly thrashed Emery. At the scene in the fourth act, when 'Tyke' finds the old man whose purse he steals to be his father, and exclaims, 'What! rob my own feyther?' the sailor, unable to control himself, roared in a passion, 'Yes, you vagabond; you'd rob a church!'" Mr. John Bernard, a theatrical manager and actor of great repute, who was for some years secretary to the notable "Beefsteak Club," and who afterwards emigrated to America, tells the story of Emery's elevation from the orchestra to the stage at a time when his reputation as a musician stood deservedly high. The event, we may premise, took place at the Plymouth theatre. Old Emery and his wife had quitted the company, but their son John remained in his double capacity of fiddler and actor. "Soon after we opened," says Bernard, "an incident occurred which induced me to take him from the orchestra altogether. A Mr. Prigmore, who very candidly termed himself a *low* comedian, had to play an old man in the last act of *He Would be a Soldier*, but on the evening of the performance he was not to be found, having secreted himself on board an American brig. At the last moment the part was given to Emery to get through as well as he could, and he got through it with such striking effect that a well-know doctor of the day, named Gaskin, came behind the scenes to enquire who the new actor in the last act was. 'Young Emery the musician,' was the manager's reply. 'You mean,' replied the doctor significantly, 'young Emery the comedian.'" Speaking of emigrant actors to America, the first English actors who ventured into what were then called the "provinces" of that country had the pleasure of not only trudging, but of occasionally also hewing their road, like other pioneers, and it was said, when an actor was going to New Orleans, that it was common, not only to recommend him as a good actor, but also as a good woodman, the one character being considered quite as important as the other. A clever but drunken and dissipated actor, George Frederick Cooke, who, in his day,

was in some parts truly great and extremely popular, went to America in 1812, when every town in that country had a theatre of one kind or another; and wondering how his early predecessors contrived to reach their destination through pathless wilds and forests, questioned them on the subject. "Oh!" replied an English actor named Cooper,

"We axed our Way"



Cooke, on one occasion, when playing 'Richard'—Leslie said he was the best 'Richard' since Garrick—was so very drunk that he could not remember his first speech, and, resolving to plead sudden illness, advanced, or rather staggered, to the foot-lights with that intention, turning up his eyes and placing his hand upon his chest as if suffering intense pain. But his first thickly uttered words were most unluckily chosen. "Ladies and gentlemen," said he,

"My Old Complaint—"



A burst of derisive laughter interrupted him, and with hootings and hissings he was driven from the stage. A life of Cooke was published in America, of which Lord Byron said it was "all green-room and tap-room, drums and the drama," and he wondered, "first, that a man should live so long drunk, and, next, that he should have found so sober a biographer." In early life Cooke was a printer, and he was afterwards a sailor. At Liverpool he was once hissed for being drunk and imperfect in his part, when, scornfully addressing his audience, he cried, "What! do you hiss ME? hiss George Frederick Cooke? You contemptible money-getters, you shall never again have the honour of hissing ME. Farewell; I banish you;" adding, after a pause, in the deepest tones of his great tragic voice, and with an intensity of angry scorn difficult to describe, "There is not a brick of your dirty town but what is cemented by the blood of a slave!" There is one other of the innumerable anecdotes of Cooke which we can't refrain from giving. One night when he was playing 'Hamlet' in Dublin, he began to sharpen his sword in the green-room, saying savagely, "I and Mr. 'Laertes' will settle our disputes in reality to night." The result of this was that when the fencing scene came on, 'Laertes,' suddenly seizing 'Hamlet' by the neck, threw him with a bang flat upon his back, and put his knee triumphantly upon his chest, to the intense amusement of his brother actors, rage of Cooke, and astonishment of the audience, who thus witnessed quite a new scene in *Hamlet*. Speaking of this scene, it is said that, when Mr. Irving began his study of 'Hamlet,' his fencing was not perfect, and yet the artistic ease and grace with which he handled his weapon on the first night of *Hamlet* was the subject of almost universal praise. Speaking of *Hamlet*, we may note in passing, as a strange and amusing fact, that in the last century that play of all others in the world was converted into a ballet! Just imagine

a dancing Hamlet



and the poetry of our immortal bard translated into the poetry of motion. Truly an extraordinary idea!



SCENE FROM "AMY ROBSART" AT THE STANDARD THEATRE.

Foreign Correspondence.

PARIS, Thursday, November 12.

THE racing season over here is now almost at an end. The third day of the Autumn Meeting at Auteuil will be held next Sunday; on the 12th and 15th we have races at Bordeaux; on the 22nd the last meeting takes place at Le Vésinet, and on the 29th the French racing season will be brought to a close at La Marche. Last Sunday was the second day of the Autumn Meeting at Auteuil, but the card merely comprised four *courses à obstacle*, or steeple-chases, none of which were of much importance considering that the value of the highest prize to be competed for amounted to less than a couple of hundred pounds. For the Prix de la Source there were six competitors, Pharaïde and La Grône being the favourites at 3 and 4 to 1 respectively. The first of these was not in the race at all, and the second, along with Quarteronne and La Prasle, was easily beaten by an outsider named Sonnette, belonging to Baron Finot, who started at 5 to 1. M. Alexander's Quarteronne was second, and M. Baresse's La Prasle third. The value of the stakes amounted to just £70. The Prix du Mont Valérien was a *quasi* walk over for Baron Finot's La Veine, a chestnut filly, 4 years, by Ventre Saint-Gris out of Valériane, who won easily, beating M. Boequet's Niche by a couple of lengths. These were the only two horses that ran, notwithstanding that six had been entered. The stakes were worth £92. In the Prix de la Muette, Baron Finot was again successful, his Marin defeating Epave, who came in second, by two lengths. This was the principal race of the day, the stakes amounting to £134, the second receiving £24. The last race, worth £80, was won by M. Morpe's Enfant de Troupe, Baron Finot's Sonnette being second, two lengths behind, and Collette third, two lengths after Sonnette. Altogether the meeting was of trifling importance, and but few people assembled to witness the sport.

Some sensation was caused in Paris a few days ago, when the judgment of the Court of Police Correctionnelle was made known, condemning M. Oller and others to various fines for keeping what is termed a *maison de jeu*, or gambling-house. Some time ago these gentlemen were prosecuted for the same offence, which, in reality, consists in keeping betting offices, and were then fined. They appealed, however, to a superior court, and seem to have been under the impression that, pending the hearing of the appeal, they could carry on business as before. The public prosecutor seems to have taken quite a different view of the case, for a few weeks since the police, acting under his instructions, made a seizure at the different betting offices, and the court has just given judgment in his favour, so that MM. Oller and Co. will now have to remain quiet until the court of appeal delivers judgment on the question in dispute.

The great feature in the theatrical world during the last week has been the production of a new piece at the Porte-St.-Martin, adapted by M. Dennery from a novel by Jules Verne. I have already had occasion to refer to this play, entitled *Le Tour du Monde en 80 Jours*, in a previous letter, and I then expressed an opinion, formed principally from the *on-dits* that were floating around me, that it would make considerable mark as a *pièce à spectacle*. This opinion was by no means belied when the curtain fell the other evening at the end of the first performance. The

works of Jules Verne are well known in England, where they have been introduced to the public principally through the medium, I believe, of the *St. James's Magazine*, and most of them have proved successful both in the serial and as volumes, notwithstanding the flagrant absurdities which they often contain; for the most insane problems are worked out with such an air of veracity, and so much sound knowledge is brought to support them, that, although we are perfectly well aware that the idea of a voyage from the earth to the moon, or a journey to the centre of the earth, is supremely ridiculous, still, when a journey or voyage of that nature is described by Jules Verne, and as Jules Verne only can describe it, we know that the volume will be entertaining, and that one's memory will be refreshed in perusing it, even though we should learn nothing beyond what we previously knew, which is more than improbable.

In *Round the World in Eighty Days*, which, I am told, is likely to be shortly produced in London, the scene opens at a London club, and as the curtain rises the members assembled in the smoking-room are heard discussing a robbery which has recently been perpetrated at the Bank of England, and the chances of the thief escaping justice. Some suggest he may have gone to India, others to China or Japan, and others to America. "The world is not very large," observes Mr. Phileas Fogg, the hero of the play, "considering one can go right round it in eighty days."—"That is all very well in theory," remarks a member; "but you would find it very different if you were to try and put the theory into practice; for a thousand different things would occur to prevent you accomplishing the journey in that time."—"Nothing of the sort," answers Mr. Fogg; "and to prove what I say, I will bet you £40,000 that I do go round the world in that time." The bet is booked, and so the play opens; the eighty days to a minute, within which Mr. Fogg has to go round the world and get back to the smoking-room at his club, or lose £40,000 and acknowledge himself beaten, counting from nine o'clock at night on October 2, 1872. The reader can easily imagine what a splendid field lies here for spectacular display. Mr. Fogg is dogged by a detective, who takes him for the man who has broken into the Bank, and who endeavours to delay him until a warrant arrives empowering him to arrest him. But the warrant always comes too late, and Mr. Fogg succeeds in getting out of country after country before the document comes to hand, unaware that he is running so many risks of being locked up in prison, and eventually sent back to Europe accompanied by the police. At Suez he fights a duel; in India he kills a native, and deposits £4000 caution money to get away; off the coast of Borneo he is wrecked; at St. Francisco he is robbed; crossing the Rocky Mountains his train is upset, and the passengers attacked by Indians. At last, however, he embarks for Europe, but during the voyage the steamer unfortunately runs short of fuel, and Mr. Fogg, who purchases the vessel, and becomes captain of her, breaks up all the timber to keep the fires alight. The masts go first, then the decks, and eventually every piece of wood on board her, until only the iron carcass remains. Then the boiler bursts, and Fogg, the crew, and the detective, who is still following him, are precipitated into the water. Eventually they reach Liverpool, and Fogg is arrested just as he steps on shore. An American, however, helps him out of the difficulty by declaring that he (the American) is the robber, but it is too late. Fogg finds that the last train has left for the capital, and that even with a special train he cannot reach London in

time to win his bet. He is about to commit suicide, and do various other absurd things, when he accidentally learns that it is not Monday, as he supposed, but Sunday. In going round the world from west to east he gained four minutes a day on every degree of longitude. Four minutes multiplied by three hundred and sixty degrees the distance he had travelled gives fourteen hundred and forty minutes, divided by sixty equals exactly twenty-four hours. A telegram now arrives from London announcing that the perpetrator of the robbery at the Bank had been captured a fortnight previous, so that the American is set free. Mr. Fogg engages a special train, and eventually reaches his club a few minutes before the time has expired, having been round the world in eighty days, won £40,000, besides his expenses, and last, but not least, having brought back with him a charming wife, whom he picked up on his journey. Among the novelties introduced into the piece are a steamboat with real machinery, an elephant, a number of serpents, and a real locomotive with a tender and carriage. There are several ballets, and any quantity of original costumes. A burlesque of the piece is already announced at the Théâtre Déjazet, entitled *Round the World in Eighty Minutes*.

A French newspaper informs its readers that the part of 'Frochart' in *Les Deux Orphelines*, which is being performed in London at the Grecian Theatre, is played by Sir George Conquest.

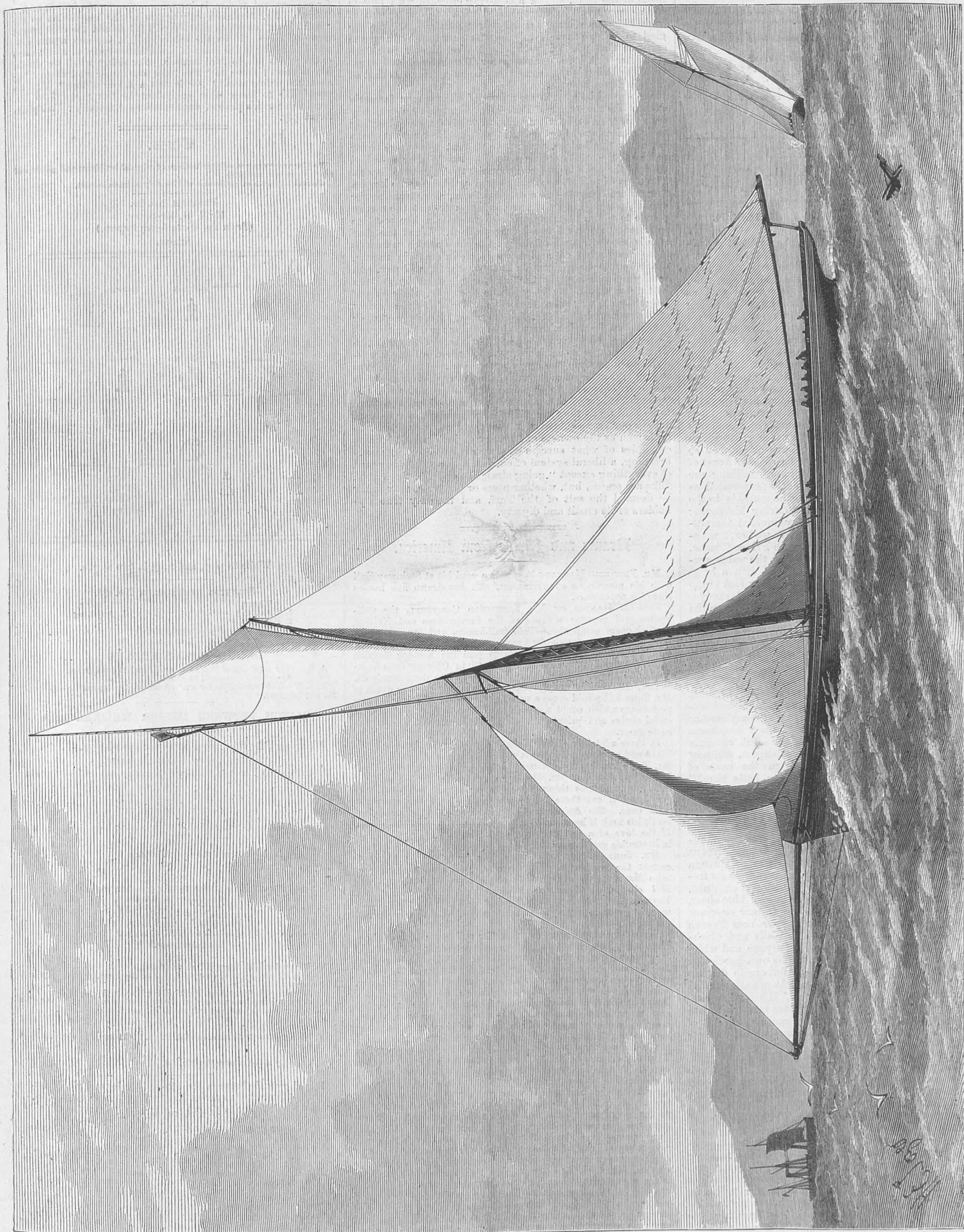
During the past year Offenbach has written and produced the following operas:—*Pomme d'Api*, one act; *La Permission de dix Heures*, one act; *La Jolie Parfumeuse*, three acts; *Orphée aux Enfers*, two new acts; *La Périochole*, one new act; *Bagatelle*, one act; *Madame l'Archiduc*, three acts. Besides these he has completed *Whittington and his Cat*, comprising three acts and nine scenes, for England. Apropos of Offenbach, it is stated that the first eight performances of *Madame l'Archiduc* at the Bouffes Parisiennes produced as much as 36,873 francs, more than £1474. The first four performances of Dumas' *Demi-monde* at the Théâtre Français have brought 22,341 francs, over £893.

Three Paris theatres and a warehouse for storing scenery in the Rue Albany are about to be brought to the hammer. The Théâtre de l'Ambigu Comique is put up at 800,000 francs (£32,000); the Théâtre des Variétés, at 700,000 francs (£28,000); the Théâtre de Montmartre, 100,000 francs (£4000); and the warehouse, 80,000 francs (£3200).

MM. Meilhac and Halévy have produced a comedy in three acts, entitled *La Veuve*, with limited success, at the Gymnase. There is nothing in the piece, and it is not likely to have a very long run. The story is that of a woman who loses her husband, and is inconsolable for a time, but she eventually marries again, and is as happy as ever. The entire play can be perfectly described in three words: mourning, half-mourning, marriage. Such is the way of the world.

M. Emile Zola, who made himself famous by the disgusting incidents that he invariably introduces into his novels, has brought out what is styled a comedy in three acts at the Théâtre Cluny. His play is quite as unhealthy as his tales. It is not merely wicked—it is simply beastly.

WILFUL.—This useful-looking mare was sold for 50 guineas to Mr. Woodlands, after winning a selling hurdle race at Streatham on Monday.



THE CUTTER YACHT "OIMARA," THE PROPERTY OF MR. J. WYLIE.

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

All Advertisements for "THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS" should arrive not later than Thursday morning, addressed to "The Publisher," 198, Strand, W.C. "Scale of Charges on application."

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All communications intended for insertion in "THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS" should be addressed to "The Editor," 198, Strand, W.C., and must be accompanied by the Writer's name and address, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

The Editor cannot undertake to return rejected communications. Dramatic and Sporting Correspondents will oblige the Editor by placing the word "Drama" or "Sporting," as the case may be, on the corner of the envelope.

No notice will be taken of enquiries as to the time of horses being scratched for their engagements, other than appears in the usual column devoted to such information.

Any irregularities in the delivery of the paper should be immediately made known to the Publisher, at 198, Strand.

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THE ILLUSTRATED
Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON: SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1874.

PRINCE CHARLIE has retired from the post to the paddock in a perfect blaze of triumph. Last year we were told we had seen the last of him, but like certain favourite singers he has come once more before the public, and, strange to say, with undiminished powers as well as prestige. He was one of those few landmarks in racing history which we feel inclined to swear by, and his name will be handed down to after generations, not as a successor to The Dutchman or West Australian, but as a veritable wonder in his own special line—the acknowledged "Prince of the T.Y.C." And while we look back upon his many and important successes, it is gratifying to be able to record that they have been achieved under singularly upright and honourable circumstances—that his fair fame has never been tarnished—that his reputation, throughout a somewhat protracted career for the modern degenerate thoroughbred, has been spotless as the white jacket which Osborne, Hunt, French, and Parry have all donned so gloriously. This is a great thing to be able to boast of in these days, when roping, scratching, and milking are still rife, though happily not so flagrantly perpetrated as in times gone by. It is all the more honourable to the joint owners of the bald-faced chestnut during his racing career, for doubtless both were beset by unusual temptations in their path; but never a word have we heard whispered against the doings in connection with Prince Charlie. He has always been chivalrously placed at the public service, and in return has surrounded himself with a large circle of admirers, who have stood staunchly by him to the end. And many a cheek must have glowed, and many a pulse beat higher, as the fen farmer had his leg up on the home-bred wonder, and rode him back to Bedford Lodge through Newmarket, not an unbeaten horse indeed, but one rather ennobled by struggles in vain against a fatal infirmity, which only prevented him ranking as the greatest equine wonder which ever cantered "down the cords."

Size, substance, symmetry (our readers will pardon the inevitable alliteration) were his in the highest degree, and only "stamina" was wanting to complete the four cornerstones on which his fame as the "best horse in England" might have been founded. But absolute perfection, human or equine, we cannot expect, and now that he has beat a timely retreat from the cares of training, we may well be "to his faults a little blind," and rejoice that, as a compensating balance to his roaring infirmity, he has remained sound in limb to the last, and a standing reproach to the pessimists, who predicted all sorts of misfortunes to the "big 'un" at the end of his two-year-old career. The Prince was one of those representative horses we were proud of showing to foreigners at our great meetings, where his appearance was a feature in the programme, often redeeming a sprint race from its frequently uninteresting characteristics. The mighty chestnut, striding round an enclosure in the well-known blue sheet, attracted more gaped than a Derby winner or crack two-year-old of the season, and with poor Tom French on his back he was as well known as Wells and Clothworker in the palm days of Tom Parr's puce and white jacket. He was wisely limited, too, to his own particular sphere of usefulness; and his owners forbore to distress him uselessly over courses which might have extinguished his racing powers altogether long ago. His last appearance taught our friends across the water rather a useful lesson, that mere handicap horses are occasionally out of their element at weight for age with an animal of first-class calibre, and that the old country can yet hold her own in spite of Jockey Club alarmists. Like most giants, Prince Charlie was as amiable as strong, and many a tale will go the round of Newmarket firesides, of how he never shirked a morning's work, or was returned as on the "sick-list" after a punishing race.

The future of most race-horses it might not be deemed invidious to forecast, but with Prince Charlie the case is somewhat different, and we feel some delicacy in attempting what may be deemed a prejudgment of the rank he is likely to take among the sires of the day. In our frequent ramblings among breeders, and casual conversations among those we may not irreverently term the "Coming K's" of the Stud, we have encountered opinions most widely different, not as to the general desirability of breeding from a roarer, but as to whether in this special case it would be expedient to retain the services of Prince Charlie for the choicest matrons of the day. Some would not object to him, others profess to fight shy of him, but the great majority would be delighted to see him in one of their stallion boxes, and give him their best mares as his portion. The ensuing season will probably indicate the public gauge of his capabilities, for it is not likely that

Mr. Jones will keep him to look at in the fen country, where his blood would scarcely suit that of so many near relations among his owner's mares. A very short time will probably reveal his destination, which, if we are to believe all the tall talk about the price offered for him by the French, is hardly likely to be anywhere except at one of our largest breeding establishments. If ten thousand was really "turned away," we must credit his owner with the highest of chivalrous and patriotic motives; for £12,500 only was his sire's price after his reputation had been made at the Stud, and in a sale-ring crowded with buyers from every mart in Europe, and with the excitement of high biddings edging on intending purchasers. We are glad to believe that Mr. Jones was actuated by the same spirit as that which impelled Lord Westminster to refuse "all America" in exchange for Touchstone, and trust that The Prince's stud career may be as glorious as that of the old Eaton brown.

We should be glad to see others of the yeoman farmer's stamp, like the owner of Prince Charlie, taking a similarly active interest in Turf pursuits, instead of merely limiting their aspirations to agricultural prizes. Newmarket opens her arms to all alike, and at the present time there is far more of the pettifogging element among her so-called patrons than can be deemed good for the interests of sport. The class of petty shopkeepers and publicans who keep a few miserable screws in a species of spasmodic training for suburban ramps and chicken handicaps are not the sort of people to whom the country looks to sustain her prestige as foremost among horse-loving nations. What the Turf stands most in need of now is the class which possesses some knowledge of and takes some interest in racing, apart from the consideration as to whether it will pay, and totally uninfluenced by the questionable operations of the betting market. Be they gentle or simple, the noble of long descent, whose brood mares wander under the shadow of trees planted by his forefathers in ages long gone by, or the tiller of the soil, who sends his smaller yearly contingent to school at Newmarket—the well-wishers of the sport, to which both are so attached, will bid them a hearty welcome to a pastime too often pursued from other motives than a real interest in its welfare, and in which honesty is made subservient to expediency. We do not wish the "clever divisions" and abstruse students of handicapping to be held up as the type of British sportsmen, nor to rank among our representative Turfites; but rather to point to such men as the owners of Apology and Prince Charlie as examples of what success may be achieved by judicious breeding, a liberal system of entries, and a total disregard of everything except "going straight to win." Such good folks are scarce, but, whether peers or peasants, may fairly be deemed the salt of the Turf, and the only true upholders of its credit and dignity.

Drama and Music from America.

MR. FREDERIC MACCABE has made a good hit at Steinway Hall with his monologue entertainment, and has drawn fine houses since his appearance.

SERIOUS ILLNESS of MR. SHERWOOD CAMPBELL, the well-known and popular baritone of the Parepa-Rosa and Kellogg English opera companies.—This well-known and favourite English opera artist, familiarly known as "Sher. Campbell," who returned but a few months since to join the Kellogg English opera company, is lying dangerously ill in Chicago from bronchitis and a complication of other disorders—so dangerously ill, in fact, that his recovery is regarded as hopeless. The death of Mr. Campbell would cause a void in the ranks of English opera performers which could not easily be filled—aside from that in social circles and private life, in which he was ever a most welcome guest.

Is there a fatality about Wallack's Theatre for breaking the limbs and spraining the joints of English actors? It seems so. Mr. Toole had hardly got used to Wallack's before he sprained his ankle, and now Mr. Montague has had a similar accident befall him. If this thing is to go on, we appeal to the God of Accidents, if one there be, to discriminate a bit and spare the good ones. *The Spirit* would rather that a bad actor should break his neck if by so doing the good one would go unscathed. If the love of a god brings death, possibly a sprained limb indicates his growing favour.

MR. JOHN RAYMOND requests *The Spirit of the Times* to correct the impression that his wife, known professionally as Miss Marie Gordon, is the lady of the same name now playing *Hal o' the Wynd* at the Standard Theatre, London. Mrs. Raymond was, at the date of her last letter, in Bohemia. She was to go from there to Constantinople, and then return to America.

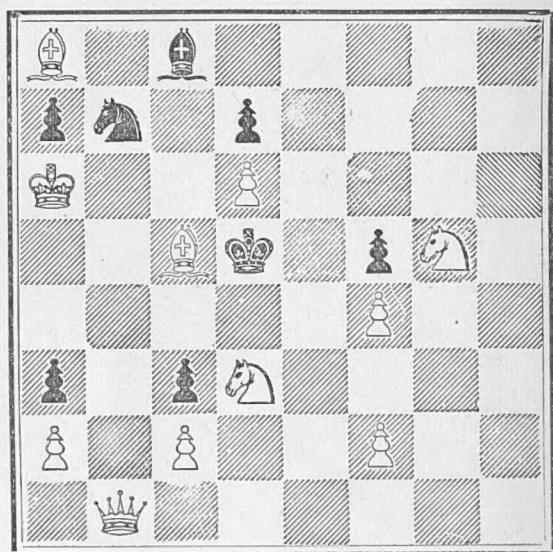
WHAT THE "SPIRIT OF THE TIMES" SAYS ABOUT MISS NEILSON.—Miss Adelaide Neilson reappeared in this city on Monday evening at the Lyceum Theatre, as 'Beatrice' in *Much Ado About Nothing*, supported by Mr. J. H. Barnes as 'Benedict,' and a "snap" company, remarkable for its general incompetency. Miss Neilson, with her stereotyped smile, rattled through her lines like any other walking lady, and displayed some fine dresses and magnificent diamonds. Her most sanguine friends were completely disappointed, and her 'Beatrice' is conceded on every hand to be a failure. The management appreciating this changed the bill after three representations. Miss Neilson appeared on Thursday evening as 'Juliet.' Her career as a paying star has ended. A doll face, unaccompanied by talent, will never usurp the dominion of art, and pretty intruders are banished when their blandishments have become familiar to every man about town. Miss Neilson owes her past financial success alone to the gratuitous puffing of our good-natured critics, whose pens were pressed into service by a brother journalist. She came to us in a flood of "lime light," out of which she cannot emerge without demonstrating her incompetency. Our contemporaries have very generally come at last to this conclusion. One leading daily tells us that she excited laughter when she should have awakened enthusiasm. Mr. J. H. Barnes, the English actor, who made his American debut as 'Benedict,' possesses a fine figure. His powers are limited and this rôle utterly beyond them. He knew his lines and read them without embarrassment. He did not give to them, however, their full meaning, and they fell flat. Mr. Barnes, in a word, is a very ordinary and negative actor, who has yet to learn much ere he essays leading business. In London he supported Mr. J. S. Clarke in farces, and we should fancy him good in such parts, but we cannot commend in any degree his personation of 'Benedict.' Mr. Vining Bowers as 'Dogberry,' and Mr. Rosine as 'Verges,' alone in the entire cast are entitled to commendation. They understood their rôles thoroughly and acted them judiciously.

So much for a statement; now for a peep behind the scenes. In another part of the *Spirit of the Times*: In the simplicity of our nature, we have always supposed that the duties of theatrical manager and theatrical critic were so antagonistic that they could not be honestly discharged by the same person. The appearance, however, of Miss Neilson at the Lyceum Theatre under the undisguised management of Mr. Schwab, the polyglot critic of the *Daily Times*, sets us right. No effort is made to conceal now a connection we were cognizant of months ago. Miss Neilson, although ostensibly under contract to Mr. Strakosch, the operatic impresario, on the remarkable terms of \$500 per night for one hundred nights, is in reality acting for the benefit of Mr. Schwab. Mr. Strakosch only figures in the transaction as the "solid" party on whom the loss will fall should the engagement prove a failure. If, on the other hand, it becomes a success—which is hardly in the range of probabilities—a good round share of the profits fall to Mr. Schwab. For doing what, we should like to know? Is he to "trim" the newspaper notices to bring about the proper result? Or is this a labour of love? And we would like to know what equivalent he has rendered to Mr. Strakosch for this piece of unostentatious generosity? We pause for a reply.

Chess.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Contributions of original problems and games will receive our best attention. Correct solutions of problems will be duly acknowledged.

PROBLEM No. 29.
By F. H. BENNETT.
(From the *Westminster Papers*.)
BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play, and mate in two moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 28.

WHITE. 1. Q to Q R 4
2. P to Q Kt 6
BLACK. 1. Anything
And mates next move.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. S.—Your solutions of Problems No. 27 and 28 are correct.
W. T.—The games sent shall be examined.
S. A. W.—Very creditable for a first attempt, but scarcely good enough for our columns.

MATCH BETWEEN MESSRS. WEISKER AND
MACDONNELL.

We append the third game between these players.

[RUY LOPEZ KNIGHT'S GAME.]

WHITE (Mr. W.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)	WHITE (Mr. W.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)
1. P to K 4	1. P to K 4	19. P to K Kt 3	19. Kt to Q 5 (g)
2. K Kt to B 3	2. Kt to Q B 3	20. K to Kt 2	20. Q to R 7 (ch)
3. B to Q Kt 5	3. P to Q R 3	21. K takes Q	21. Kt to B 6 (ch)
4. B to Q R 4	4. K Kt to B 3	22. Kt takes Q	22. Kt takes Q
5. Castles	5. B to K 2 (a)	23. K to Kt 2	23. K to Kt 2
6. Kt to Q B 3	6. P to Q Kt 4	24. B to Q R 2	24. P to K Kt 5
7. B to Q Kt 3	7. B to Q Kt 2 (b)	25. R to K R 4	25. P to K B 4
8. P to Q 3	8. Castles	26. Q R to K R sq	26. B takes Kt
9. P to Q R 3 (c)	9. P to K R 3	27. P takes B	27. P to Q B 3
10. B to K 3	10. P to Q 3	28. R to R 7 (ch)	28. K to Kt 3
11. P to K R 3	11. Q to Q 2	29. P takes P (ch)	29. R takes P
12. Q to Q 2	12. K to R 2	30. B to K 6	30. R to B 3
13. Kt to K R 2	13. P to K Kt 4 (d)	31. K R to R 6 (ch)	31. K to Kt 2
14. P to K R 4 (e)	14. Kt to K Kt 5	32. R takes R	32. K takes R
15. Kt takes Kt	15. Q takes Kt	33. B takes P	33. P to K 5 (h)
16. P takes P	16. B takes P (f)	34. R to Q sq	34. Kt to B 6
17. B takes B	17. P takes B	35. B takes Kt	35. P takes B (ch)
18. Kt to Q 5	18. Q to K R 5	36. K takes P	

And notes.

- NOTES.
(a) We prefer 5. Kt takes K P at this point.
(b) This Bishop is placed completely out of the game at this square, and never comes into active service.
(c) A reasonable precaution, anticipating Kt to Q R 4 presently.
(d) A very hazardous move, but Black appears to have made up his mind to prevent the on-coming of the K B P at all risks.
(e) We should have preferred Kt to K 2, with the object of bringing him round to K B 5 by K Kt 3.
(f) He ought to have retaken with Pawn. The move in the text loses the game.
(g) The only reply.
(h) His only move to save the Knight.

Played recently between Mr. Howard-Taylor and Mr. Boden.

[CENTRE GAMBIT IN KING'S KNIGHT'S OPENING.]

WHITE (Mr. H.-T.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)	WHITE (Mr. H.-T.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)
1. P to K 4	1. P to K 4	16. Kt to Kt sq	16. P to Q R 4
2. Kt to K B 3	2. P to Q 4 (a)	17. B to B 3	17. B takes B
3. P takes P	3. Q takes P	18. P takes B	18. P to R 5
4. Kt to Q B 3	4. Q to K 3	19. Q to K Kt 2	19. P to R 6
5. B to Q Kt 5 (ch)	5. B to Q 2	20. P takes P	20. P takes P
6. Q to K 2	6. B to Q 3	21. B to Q 4	21. Q to B 5 (ch)
7. B to B 4	7. Q to B 4	22. R to Q 4	22. Q R to Kt sq
8. P to Q 4	8. Kt to Q B 3	23. R to Kt sq	23. P to B 4
9. P takes P	9. Kt takes P	24. Kt to B 3	24. P to B 4
10. Kt takes Kt	10. Q takes Kt	25. Kt to K 2 (c)	25. P takes B (d)
11. B to K 3	11. Kt to B 3	26. Kt takes Q	26. B takes Kt
12. Castles Q R	12. Castles K R	27. K to Q sq	27. K to K 5 (e)
13. P to K R 3	13. B to B 3	28. K to K 2	28. K R to K sq
14. Q to K B sq (b)	14. P to Q Kt 4	29. K to Q 3	29. Kt to K 5 (ch)
15. B to K 2	15. P to K Kt 5		

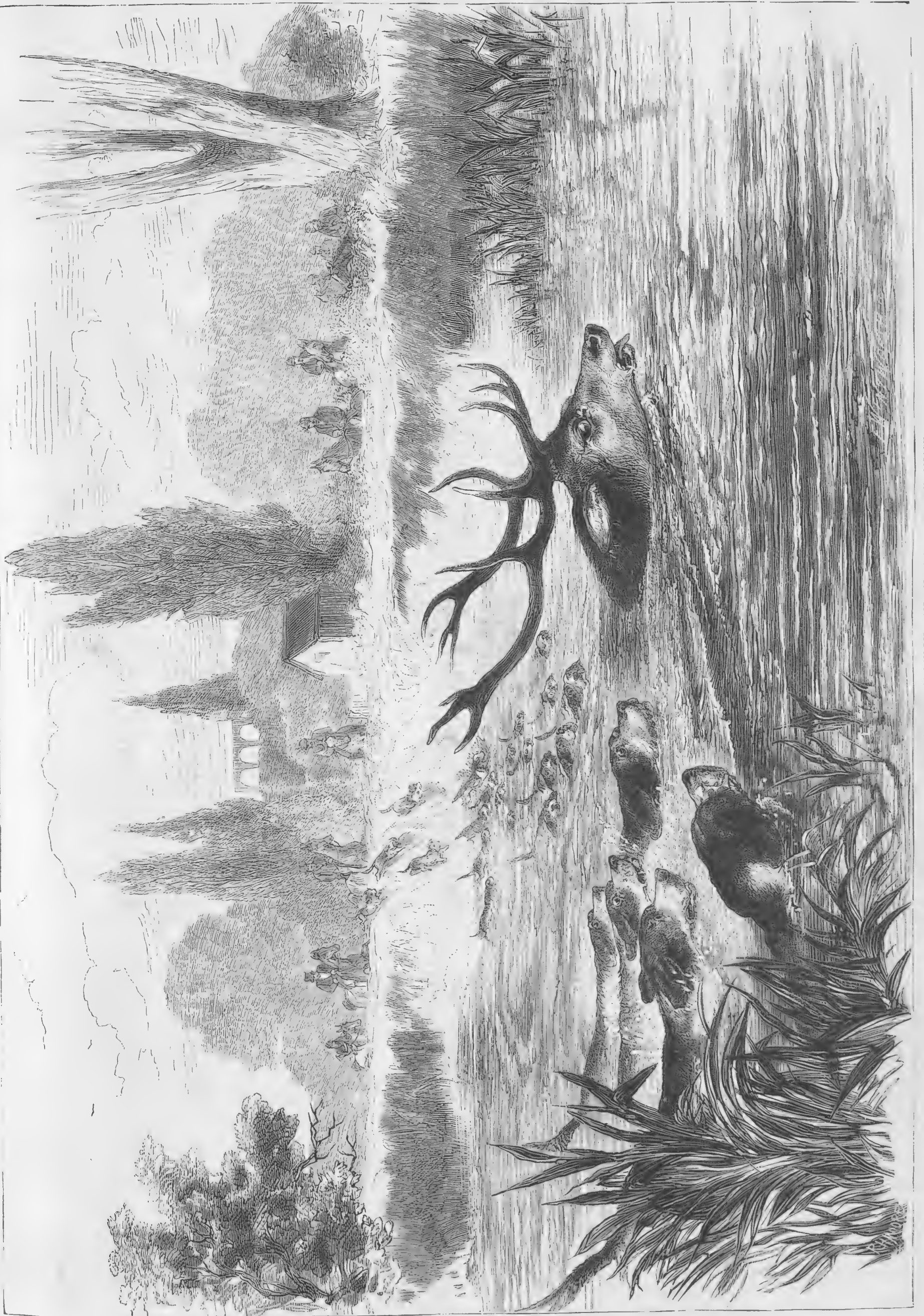
And White resigned (f).

NOTES.

- (a) A defence that may be fairly ventured.
(b) A very bad move. He ought rather to have played K R to Kt sq.
(c) If B to K 3, Black wins by Q to Q Kt 5.
(d) Very well played.
(e) Threatening mate in three moves.
(f) If K takes P, Black answers with B takes R, and wins the game at Streatham.

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THE PRINCE OF WALES AT CHANTILLY.—AN INCIDENT IN THE CHASE.

THE "OIMARA" CUTTER.

THE *Oimara* was built by Steele, of Glasgow, in 1867, for Mr. J. Wylie. The same firm had previously launched the *Condor*, and more recently the *Garrion*, neither of which, however, came up to their sister, the *Oimara* being considered Mr. Steele's most successful effort.

During the season of 1873, the *Oimara* took six prizes, including five first—aggregate value £280—principally in the North and West, where her name is a household word.

The returns of her winnings during the past season have not yet reached us, but will duly appear in a form that will admit of comparison with the performance of other yachts.

Billiards.

WITH the exception of a few exhibition matches, there is very little to record. Last week Taylor was altogether out of form, and suffered easy defeats both from F. Bennett and Stanley. The latter game was a remarkably fast one, Stanley, who made breaks of 182 (51 "spots"), 69 (13 "spots"), 91 (28 "spots"), 68 (18 "spots"), 158 (51 "spots"), &c., scoring his 1000 points in an hour and three-quarters, and winning by 641 points. On Monday last the two met again, and Taylor had his revenge, for, assisted by contributions of 71 (14 "spots"), 76 (13 "spots"), 123 (33 "spots"), 173 (45 "spots"), and 96, he won by no less than 524 points. The billiard matches at the Crystal Palace were recommenced on Saturday last. The players were Joseph Bennett and Stanley, the former conceding a start of 100 in 500 up. No large breaks were made by either man, as the table was not true, which made heavy scoring almost impossible, and eventually a close game ended in favour of Stanley by 15 points. F. Shorter, the rising young billiard player, of whom we wrote in such high terms a fortnight ago, has recently taken a very fine billiard room, fitted with three tables, at the Norfolk Square Hotel, close to Praed Street Station, on the Metropolitan Railway. He opened the room formally on Wednesday evening, with an exhibition match of 1000 up with Taylor, the latter conceding him a start of 350 points. Taylor was in irresistible form, and with breaks of 79, 148 (46 "spots"), 74, and 273 (75 "spots"), won easily; still Shorter distinguished himself by a break of 118 (36 "spots"), and from the style in which he made his spot hazards, coupled with what we have previously seen of his all-round play, we feel sure that he will ultimately take a high place among professional billiard players.

Taylor's challenge to play any man in the world, bar Cook and Roberts, jun., 1000 up on an ordinary table, has met with no response at the time of writing. We hope, however, to see Joseph Bennett in the field, when a most exciting match might be arranged.

John Roberts, jun., and W. Timbrell are matched to play 1000 up, on an ordinary table, for £200 a side, the latter receiving a start of 300 points. It may be remembered that the two met on precisely similar terms a few months ago, when Timbrell ran out with a spot hazard break, winning by a few points when his opponent appeared to have the game in hand. The present match will take place in Manchester, in the course of next month.

Athletic Sports.

THE London Athletic Club may fairly be said to have brought its season to a close in a blaze of triumph on Saturday last. The day was more like a September than a November one, there were between two and three thousand spectators present, and though unfortunately two of the challenge cups failed to produce races, yet the running in the handicaps was exceedingly close and good. As we anticipated in our remarks last week, J. E. Matthews did not start for the Seven Miles' Walking Challenge Cup, and H. F. B. Ansell had no trouble in defeating W. W. Ball. The winner certainly walked better than he has done previously, but his time (59 min. 25 sec.) for the full distance was not very grand, and we trust that the committee will consider the advisability of withdrawing this cup altogether, and giving one for two or three miles, which would be sure to produce far more lively competition. The China Challenge Cup has never been remarkable for bringing large fields to the post, but it has produced several remarkably fine finishes, and the struggle between H. H. Gethen (42 yards' start) and A. E. Ball (34) on Saturday last was reduced to a question of inches. The limit man on turning into the straight had, if anything, gained slightly on Ball; but there can be no question that he made rather too much use of himself in the early part of the race, for about a hundred yards from home he tired to nothing, and Ball, struggling on with splendid gameness, passed him absolutely in the tape. G. F. Congreve (14 yds. 1 ft. 11 in.), the holder, was not five yards behind, and did a grand performance, which was fully equal to 76½ secs. for the full distance, and the running was the more creditable from the fact that both he and Ball met with slight accidents about ten days before the race, which interfered with their training. F. G. Oliver (12½ yards' start) ran a much improved man in the 100 Yards' Handicap, which he won easily, and the second best man in the entry—G. R. Saunders (7)—had the misfortune to meet him in the first trial heat, and was therefore put out of the final. The same ill luck befell J. H. A. Reay (9) in the 250 Yards' Handicap, as he made such a grand fight with T. Bartens (26) in the fourth heat that he would probably have finished second or third to him in the final had he been eligible to run. A. Powles (7), who has made extraordinary improvement this season, again ran exceedingly well. We were truly sorry to witness the most glaring piece of "roping" ever perpetrated in one of the heats of this race. Happily the gentleman (!) in question is not a member of the club, and was probably unaware that the handicapper had a good view of his performance. He is scarcely likely to be allowed to enter again at an L.A.C. meeting, and is sure to be well taken care of in future handicaps. The Half-mile Handicap fell to E. Sachs (48 yards' start), who ran with fine judgment, not trying to catch his men too early, and "coming" just at the right moment. S. F. Weall (72), who generally runs into a place, was second, but had no chance with Sachs when it came to racing at the finish. Out of an entry of forty-six, no less than thirty-seven came to the post for the Two Miles' Handicap, which is the largest field we ever remember for a race of this distance. S. A. Bennett (320 yards' start), was greatly fancied; but, after holding a prominent position till about 300 yards from home, he could only run third to J. Gibb (195) and A. Hardy (248). The former won easily, and has evidently been thoroughly underrated, for he can probably run the full distance in something like 10 min. 6 sec. Hardy's performance was equal to about 10 min. 25 sec. "all the way," and this most persevering of athletes will evidently take champion honours with a few years' more practice.

The annual assault of arms of the London Athletic Club will take place at St. James's Hall, Regent Street, on Thursday evening, November 26. In the various competitions several of the most distinguished amateurs and professionals will appear, amongst them E. B. Mitchell, A. Trower, Denereaz, Hyman, J. Buchanan, N. T. R. Thomas, C. Davis, Bat. Mullins, N. Jourdain, C. S. Sowerby, G. P. Rogers, H. Sutherland, C. H. Webb, A. A.

Stempel, Knoke, W. Rose, Bernand, Sieber, Köhler, Stoppani, Oakenfall, Young, McQueen, Knott, Holland, J. Graham, G. Hunton, Beeby, Robinson, C. Culby, Le Maire, Corporal-Major Greaves, Corporal Johnson, Corporal Barber, Trooper Otterway, Trooper Elliott, Trooper Ward, Professor Waite, the sword exercise by 2nd Life Guards, bayonet exercise by 1st Battalion Grenadier Guards, gentlemen amateur members of the German Gymnastic Society, and members of the Cumberland and Westmoreland Wrestling Society.

The college meetings at Oxford and Cambridge are now in full swing; but the only really good performance that has yet been accomplished is that of C. G. Steel, University, who, with a start of 65 yards, won a mile handicap in 4 min. 26 sec. He appeared full of running at the finish, and must be able to run the full mile in 4 min. 35 sec., so his first meeting with E. A. Sandford "off a mark" will be watched with much interest.

ATHLETICS AT OXFORD UNIVERSITY.—The annual athletic sports of Queen's College commenced on Tuesday on the University Running Ground, Marston. The attendance was very good, although the weather was very cold. Annexed are the results:—100 Yards.—P. D. Eyre, 1; H. R. Sandford, 2; W. B. Cloete, 3; won by 2 yds.; 1 ft. between second and third: time 10 1.5 sec. Putting the Weight.—C. H. Hodges (owed 2 ft.), 36 ft. 3 in., 1; O. H. Hardy, 31 ft. 1½ in., 2; W. B. Cloete, 31 ft., 3. High Jump.—A. Cartwright (owed 3 in.), 5 ft. 3 in., 1; W. B. Cloete, 4 ft. 10 in., 2. Quarter of a Mile.—H. R. Sandford, 1; R. T. Marshall, 2; won by 1 yd.; time 57 secs. Throwing the Hammer.—W. B. Cloete (owed 2 ft.), 92 ft. 9 in., 1; P. D. Eyre, 82 ft. 3 in., 2. Hurdle Race.—W. B. Cloete (owed 4 yds.), 1; L. P. Beaufort, 2; won by 15 yds.; time 19 secs. Two Miles.—O. H. Hardy, 1; R. T. Marshall, 2; won after a good race by 1½ yd.; time 10 min. 57 sec.

On the following day the weather was all that could be desired, although somewhat cold. The Strangers' Race (Half Mile Handicap) was won by Mr. Goodwin, of Jesus, easily, with a start of 46 yards, although Mr. Sandford ran well, and managed to secure third place. Appended are returns:—Broad Jump: W. B. Cloete, 19 ft. 4 in., 1; C. H. Hodges (owed 2 in.), 18 ft. 6 in., 2.—Half Mile Handicap: H. R. Sandford (scratch), 1; O. H. Hardy (35 yds.), 2; H. B. Gray (15 yds.), 0; S. Hill (25 yds.), 0; C. H. Hodges (30 yds.), 0; won easily by 15 yds.; time, 2 min. 15 3.5 sec.—One Mile: R. T. Marshall, 1; L. P. Beaufort, 2; O. H. Hardy, 3; W. B. Cloete, 0; won by 50 yds.; time, 5 min. 27 sec.—Throwing the Cricket Ball: W. B. Cloete, 112 yds. 2 ft., 1; A. Cartwright, 87 yds. 1 ft., 2.—Strangers' Race (Half Mile Handicap): A. Goodwin, Jesus (46 yds.), 1; J. R. Maguire, Merton (50 yds.), 2; E. R. Sandford, Christ Church (scratch), 3; L. C. Cholmeley, Magdalen (60 yds.), 4; W. R. H. Stevenson, New (17 yds.), 0; A. R. Lewis, C.C.C., Cambridge (25 yds.), 0; W. L. Bicknell, Lincoln (30 yds.), 0; H. C. Jenkins, Corpus, 0; J. Julian, Trinity (35 yds.), 0; H. S. Shipton, (Exeter) (35 yds.), 0; T. R. Holmes, Christ Church (40 yds.), 0; E. Lawrence, Balliol (40 yds.), 0; F. H. Daway, B.N.C. (55 yds.), 0; won easily by 5 yds.; 3 yds. between second and third; Cholmeley, close up, fourth; time, 2 min. 2 1-5 sec. This concluded the sports.

ATHLETICS AT CAMBRIDGE.—The Christ's College sports at Cambridge were brought to a conclusion on Monday in extremely fair weather. The Strangers' Race, the Hurdle Handicap final heat, was decided. Roberts, Trinity (scratch), 1; Goder, Jesus (6 yds.), 2; D. L. D. Jones, Corpus (7½ yds.), C. Robenson, Trinity (6½ yds.), beaten.—One-third of a Mile Handicap: F. H. Thurston (30 yds.), 1; T. Rushbrook (35 yds.), 2; seven others, varying from Andrew at scratch to 35 yds., beaten.—One Hundred and Fifty Yards Handicap: After sundry trial heats Hamblin, Catty, Ruck, Andrew, and Brown were left in for the final, and an exciting race took place, Hamblin finishing three yards in front of Catty, who was hardly more than a foot to the fore of the first. Hamblin, 1; Catty, 2; time, 16 1-5 sec. Putting the Weight: Clifford, 27 ft. 3 in., 1; Griffiths, 26 ft. 4½ in., 2; nine others beaten.—Hurdle Race: H. W. Andrew (penalised 5 yds.), 1; E. W. Bather, 2; Ruck beaten.—High Jump: Ruck, 4 ft. 10 in., 1; two others beaten.—Long Jump: H. W. Andrew (owed a foot), 19 ft. 1½ in., 1; Ruck and Clifford also completed.—The One Mile Race: Four entered, viz., Bather, Savage, Brown, and Ruck. When a third of the distance was completed Savage led, when he was collared by Bather, who, continuing to increase his lead, came home the winner 150 yards ahead. The rest nowhere; time, 5 min. 5 secs. The Consolation Race fell to Ford; 200 yards got over in 25 secs.

The athletic sports of the term were inaugurated on the following day on the University Ground, Christ's College assuming the lead, under the presidency of Mr. H. S. C. Smithson and a committee. 100 Yards' Race.—First heat: R. E. Hamblin, 1; G. J. Ford and J. E. Stacey, equal for second. Won with ease in 11 2-5 sec. Second heat: L. J. Ruck, 1; H. W. Andrew (penalised 4 yds.), 2; J. M. Brown gave up; time 11 sec. Third heat: A. B. Catty, 1; P. H. Clifford, 2; four other competitors; time 11 1-5 sec. Final heat: Hamblin, 1; but this time he could only get a yard in front of Andrew, who ran in a gallant second; time 10 4-5 sec. High Jump.—H. B. Burnell (penalised 2 in.), L. J. Ruck, and P. H. Clifford, cleared 4 ft. 10 in., but all failed at 5 ft. It was agreed that the dispute should be settled on Wednesday. 300 Yards' Handicap.—Hamblin, 10 yds., 1; F. W. Thurston, 25 yds., 2. There were 12 other competitors at distances varying from 16 yds. to 30 yds. Won by 6 yds., in 33 1-5 sec. Strangers' Hurdle Race (Handicap).—1st round, 1st heat: S. Roberts, Trinity (scratch), 1; A. B. Loder, Jesus (6 yds.), 2. Three other competitors at distances varying from 8 yds. to 17 yds. The scratch man overtook his competitors, and ran in with ease a foot in front of Loder in 17 3-5 secs. Second heat: H. G. Millen, Sidney-Sussex, and H. O. Davidson, Trinity, walked over. Third heat: C. K. Cooper, St. John's (8½ yds.), 1; H. Mallam, Trinity Hall (7 yds.), 2. Won by 4 or 5 yds. in 19 2-5 secs. Fourth heat: Jones, Corpus (7½ yds.), 1; C. E. Robinson, Trinity (6½ yds.), 2. Two other competitors. Won by a couple of yards in 18 3-5 secs. Fifth heat: J. C. Carden, Emmanuel (6½ yds.), 1; C. Bethell, Trinity (8 yds.), 2; Cox, Trinity (10 yds.), gave up; time, 20 secs.—Second Round (first heat): Roberts, 1; Jones, 2; Davidson, Carden, and Bethell beaten; won with ease by seven or eight yards in 17 secs.—Second heat: Loder, 1; Robinson, 2; Cook and Muller beaten; won by a yard in 18 1-5 secs. Final and winning heat Wednesday. The Quarter-mile Race: H. W. Andrew (penalised 10 yds.), 1; C. H. Clifford, 2, beating Harrison and Rushbrooke. The Half-mile Race fell to E. W. Bather, with M'Millan for second. Bather won by 6 yds. in 2 min. 14 1-5 secs.

On Wednesday the Emmanuel men were to the fore, and commenced their sports on the University Ground in cold and crisp, though slightly foggy, weather, under the presidency of Mr. S. C. Collin. 100 Yards.—First heat: S. C. Collin, 1; J. W. Stephenson, 2. Two others beaten; time, 10 4-5 sec. Second heat: Sparrow, 1; Attwood, 2. Hurdle Race.—Carden, 1; T. J. Sparrow, 2; Allcock and Brady beaten; time, 20 min. 4-5 sec. 120 Yards' Handicap.—First heat: Attwood (2 yds.), 1; W. N. Shaw (10 yds.), and C. Fuller (12 yards), ran a dead heat for second place. Two others beaten; time, 14 sec. Second heat:

Ohn (4 yds.), 1; J. W. Stephenson (16 yds.), 2; beating four others. Third heat: Phillips walked over. Quarter Mile.—Collin, 1; Phillips, 2; Carden and Travers beaten. Time 56 2-5 sec. Strangers' Race (Quarter Mile Handicap).—1st round 1st heat: A. J. Wise, Trinity (26 yds.), 1; Lewis, Corpus (scratch), 2; six others beaten; time, 53 1-5 sec. Second heat: Hill, Trinity (26 yds.), 1; W. S. Patterson (17 yds.), 2; three others beaten; time, 52 4-5 sec. Third heat: Jones, Corpus (8 yds.), 1; Grant, King's (12 yds.), 2; four others beaten; time, 53 sec. Fourth heat: Miller, Sidney (28 yds.), 1; E. J. Sanders, Trinity (4 yds.), 2; five others beaten; 54 2-5 sec. Fifth heat: Cumberbatch, Trinity (5 yds.), 1; Rees, Phillips (20 yds.), 2; six others beaten; time, 54 4-5 sec. The second round and also the final heat were to have been contested on Thursday, thus bringing the sports to a conclusion.

ACTION FOR BREACH OF CONTRACT IN A BILLIARD MATCH.

WESTMINSTER COUNTY COURT, Nov. 9.

(Before F. BAYLEY, Esq., Judge.)

BENNETT v. LUND.

This action was brought to recover the sum of £8 under the following circumstances. The plaintiff, the well-known billiard player, stated that defendant, the landlord of the Crown Hotel, Rupert Street, Haymarket, engaged him, with Cook, to play a match at the defendant's house on the evening of the Derby Day, 1873, for which £16 was to be paid between them by the defendant. An advertisement was inserted in the sporting papers, when it was subsequently ascertained that Cook refused to play the match, and one came off afterwards between Roberts and Cook, and the plaintiff now sought to recover the amount of the money due to him.

Mr. H. T. Roberts appeared for the defendant, and Mr. Hewlett for the plaintiff.

The learned Judge stated that this was evidently a conditional contract, conditionally on Cook's playing, and that as Cook did not play, the contract did not stand. Judgment, therefore, would be for the defendant, to whom he would allow costs.

BAIL COURT, Nov. 11.

(Sittings in Banco, before Justices BLACKBURN, MELLOR, and LUSH.)

HAIGH v. THE TOWN COUNCIL OF SHEFFIELD.

This was an information laid by the Town Council of Sheffield against the appellant under the Act for the Suppression of Betting, by the payment of money before the contingency happened, for that he, being the occupier of Hill Park Cricket Ground, Sheffield, unlawfully, knowingly, and wilfully did permit the said place to be used by several persons, named in the information, for the purpose of betting with persons resorting thereto, contrary to the statute, and upon that information the stipendiary magistrate convicted him in the nominal sum of 1s., for the purpose of having the point decided by a superior court. The information was laid under the 16 and 17 Vic. chap. 119, sec. 3, which states: "Any person who, being the owner or occupier of any house, office, room, or other place, or a person using the same shall open, keep, or use the same for the purposes hereinbefore mentioned" (the betting with persons resorting thereto), "or either of them, and any person who being the owner or occupier, &c., shall knowingly and wilfully permit the same to be opened, kept, or used by any other person for the purposes aforesaid, or either of them, shall be liable to forfeit and pay," &c. The appellant occupied as tenant a house with a piece of enclosed land adjoining, which he used for cricket, foot races, and other games and sports. The public were admitted on the payment of sixpence each. On the occasion in question there were present between fifteen and twenty professional betters, who stood on chairs and stools on different spots calling out the odds in a foot race. There was a man behind each who recorded the bets in a betting-book. The persons so betting paid 1s. each and received a ticket. The stipendiary magistrate was of opinion that the defendant knew what was going on and took no steps to prevent it, but that he might have done so if he had been so minded. The learned counsel who appeared before the magistrate for the appellant made no attempt to controvert this part of the case, but he contended that the ground was not a place of public resort for the purposes of betting. There were two points for the decision of the Court. First, was there a user by the betting men of the ground for the purpose of betting with persons resorting thereto within the meaning of the Act? and, secondly, does the statute include the incidental and partial use of the place for betting purposes, or must it be confined to what might be termed the permanent, dominant, or prominent use of the place?

Mr. Philbrick, Q.C., and Mr. Crompton appeared for the appellant, and contended that the object of the Act was to suppress betting where the money was paid before the contingency happened, and which had become a great evil. The preamble of the Act was that, "Whereas a kind of gaming has of late sprung up tending to the injury and demoralisation of improvident persons, by the opening of places called betting houses or offices, and the receiving of money in advance by the owners or occupiers of such houses, or offices," &c. The appellant could not be said to keep a place for the purpose of betting.

Mr. Justice Blackburn said it must be taken that this was not a single use of the place, but that it was one that explained the system that was carried on. There could be no doubt that the appellant knew and permitted the betting to be carried on.

Mr. Philbrick said the grounds were for the purpose of sports. The betting had been merely incidental. He further contended that the word "place" did not apply, but that it must be construed *ejusdem generis* with the words "house," "office," "room;" but it did not necessarily follow that it should be so construed, as the primary object of the grounds was not for betting purposes. Could it be said that it was kept for that purpose, or that the defendant permitted it to be used as such?

Mr. Justice Blackburn said the Act was directed also against permitting it to be used by any person.

Mr. Barker appeared in support of the conviction.

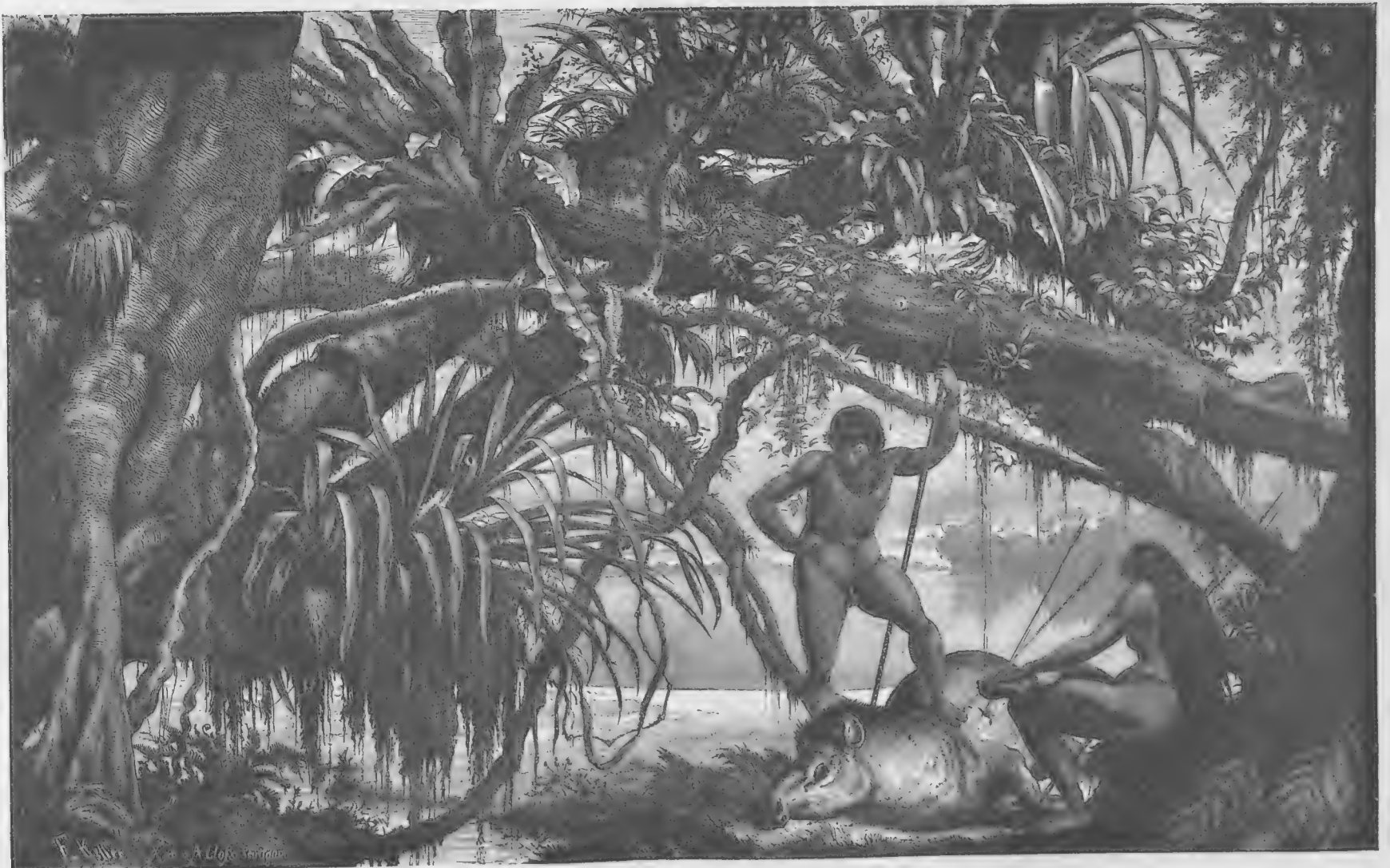
After hearing the arguments, The Court held that the conviction must be affirmed. The Legislature, in passing this Act, had no intention of interfering with betting and wagering as ordinarily transacted. Betting was left as a matter of honour, being deprived of its legal obligation. The mischief which the Legislature intended to correct was not that kind of betting, but a degenerate kind of betting that had sprung up, taking the character of ordinary gambling, and of a most demoralising character. The words of the Act went beyond the preamble, in order to reach every possible chance of escape from its provisions, or otherwise it could easily have been evaded. The Legislature intended to suppress this kind of gambling altogether, and so the Court must construe the Act. The facts of the case brought it within the letter as well as the spirit of the Act. Conviction affirmed.

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ALLIGATOR CATCHING ON THE MADEIRA RIVER (AMAZON).
(From a Drawing by FRANZ KELLER.)



HUNTING OF THE TAPIR BY THE CARIPUNA INDIANS.

FIRST DAY.

SATURDAY, Nov. 21.

Sporting Intelligence.

RACING RETROSPECTIVE AND PROSPECTIVE.

"It seems to be the fate of man, to seek all his consolations in futurity. The time present is seldom able to fill desire or imagination with immediate enjoyment, and we are forced to supply its deficiencies by recollection or anticipation."—*Dr. JOHNSON.*

ALTHOUGH steeple-chasing early in the season has for the last few years been nothing like so popular as it was a quarter of a century back, when that exciting amusement was the main feature of interest at the several autumn *réunions* held at Worcester, Liverpool, Shrewsbury, and Warwick, flat racing being merely introduced as a stop-gap, both the entries this year and the sport, so far, show the likelihood of its being soon again restored to its former pre-eminence at these meetings. At Worcester, last week, respectable fields contended for both the Severn Bank Steeple-chase and the "Grand Annual," the two principal jump races. The latter nevertheless, considering the *éclat* that for so many years attached to it, showed an unmistakable falling off, as only eighteen horses were nominated for it, the greater number of whom were not only unknown to fame, but of very indifferent *calibre*. It might at first sight be supposed that this was occasioned by the reduction in the value of the prize, the stakes having been recently changed from 20 sovs. each, 10 ft., and 5 if declared, to 7 sovs. each; but that such was not the reason for so poor an entry, good proof was furnished by the large field which started for the Severn Bank Steeple-chase, that event being a sweepstakes of only 5 sovs. each, with 25 added. No fewer than fourteen horses ran for it, a fact that speaks well for the *morale* of steeple-chasing, showing, as it unquestionably does, that many of its votaries now-a-days are but little influenced by mercenary motives. And another pleasant feature presented in this race was the prominent part taken in the sport by the "Upper Ten," reminding one of the early days of steeple-chasing, when the Marquis of Waterford, the Marquis of Clanricarde, Lord Macdonald, Lord Howth, Col. Charrette, Mr. Osbaldestone, Mr. Powell, and others of their order, might be seen leading the van in these exciting contests. On this occasion Lord Folkestone, Sir M. Crofton, Mr. R. E. C. Burton, Mr. J. Jessop, Mr. G. Bowen, Mr. E. Studd, Mr. W. F. Roch, and other gentlemen, ran horses; while among the riders were Lord W. De Broke, Lord Abinger, Sir T. Dancer, and Mr. A. Coventry, &c. They were, however, no match for the older and more experienced "Mr. Thomas," who succeeded in pulling through with Mr. Roch's Blanc Mange, carrying the welter weight of 13st. Mr. Thomas never rode a finer race or hardly a nearer thing as he only succeeded in beating Sayers on Mr. Studd's Jealousy, who carried 12st, by a head. The winner, who is by Kettledrum out of Tapioca, it may be remarked, distinguished himself in the spring at Liverpool over timber, as he won the Croxeth Hunters' Hurdle Handicap, beating thirteen opponents, among whom were Booty, Hilder, Géant de Batailles, Merry Monk, Underhill, Duc de Beaufort, &c., while at Ludlow he won the Borough Members' Steeple-chase Plate of 50 sovs. over three miles of country. On this occasion several of those behind him will be heard of another day, as they were new to cross-country work; and a prettier country they could not have been sent to practise over than that in the neighbourhood of "ye faithful cote," where so many good horses made their *débuts* in former times. The "Grand Annual" is not now the grand affair it used to be, and it would be well if the race-committee restored it to its former conditions, as now that steeple-chasing is beginning to resume the foremost position it once held among old English sports it might again attract as large fields and as good horses as were wont to contend for it some years back. It fell to Ironclad, by Gunboat out of Maid of Cadiz, by Venison, a smart mare in her day, though, owing to her dam being half-bred, her name is not to be found in the "Stud Book." The winner has had some practice in Wales and on the Welsh border, as in 1872, when only four years old, he won the Hunt Cup Steeple-chase at Cardiff, over two miles of country, as well as the Hunters' Steeple-chase Plate, two miles and a half, at the same meeting; while later in the same year he won the Downton Steeple-chase Plate at Ludlow, ridden by Capt. Holyoake. Last year he was successful on four occasions, twice on the flat at Abergavenny, besides which he carried off the Members' Hunt Steeple-chase at the Ludlow Club Meeting, and the Ely Hurdle Race at Cardiff; while this spring he won the Open Hunters' Plate on the flat at Tenby, Spring Handicap Steeple-chase at Ludlow, and the Open Steeple-chase at Cardiff. But notwithstanding these successes, both Ratcheter and Master Mowbray were preferred to him, as 7 to 4 was taken about the former, and 7 to 2 about Master Mowbray, while 100 to 15 was betted against the Welsh horse, who yet, with Mr. Newton up, beat both by star distance. The other runners comprised Charlie, Morning Star, Rufina, and Aboyne, none of whom displayed much ability at the jumping business, while the race was remarkable for the extraordinary gyrations cut by Master Mowbray, once an accomplished jumper, who seems to have now quite lost his temper, and would hardly look at a fence.

For the Hunt Steeple-chase there was a dead heat, this rare occurrence in cross-country contests taking place between Interest, the well named son of Principal, his dam by Bedwardine, and Gazelle, a very clever mare by Neasham, her dam by Steamer. They were ridden respectively by Mr. Hathaway and Mr. Newton, and beat a field of eight good-looking hunters, of whom Plough Lad, ridden by another accomplished horseman, Mr. E. P. Wilson, was third. Gazelle subsequently walked over, and the stakes were divided. The fields for the hurdle races were hardly up to the mark of former years. The principal one fell to Ratcheter, ridden by his owner, Mr. H. Ellison, while Jemmy Adams steered Mr. Brown's Greenhill, a son of Bonnyfield and Fluid, to victory for the Handicap Plate of 30 sovs.

Last week there were also hurdle races run at Brighton and Lewes, the "twin sports" being thus made at these new meetings to go hand in hand, contributing not a little to their success. The South Down Hurdle Handicap fell to the formidable Hunts stable by the aid of Corregidor, but not until he had to run two heats for it, the first being a "dead" one between him and Rattle, who unhappily falling at the very first jump in the deciding heat gave an easy victory to Mr. A. Yates. The opponents of the pair comprised Sweet Gallinagle, St. Aubyn, Caro, Cranbourne, Altesse, and Hereford, all of whom will do their respective owners a good turn before the close of the season. Twelfth Cake and Tambourine were the other successful timber jumpers at this meeting. At Lewes John Billington, who appears to have had his fore legs renewed, carried off the principal jump race, with 10 to 1 against him. It was his first appearance in a hurdle race, and as he beat Derviche, Pucelle, Orator, and several others very easily, he is likely, if his legs stand, to have a successful career in his new line of business. At Lincoln there was only one jump race, which was won easily by Tom Pinder, a son of Greculus Esuriens, a sire who has had but little patronage, although once a prominent favourite for the Derby.

During the current week there was a fair admixture of the "twin sports" at Streatham, Reading, and Liverpool. At the suburban meeting the principal steeple-chase was won by Jules,

by Julius out of Julia, who, trained and ridden by W. Reeves, beat his eight opponents easily; and as they included Prince Patrick, Surprise, Fleuriste, Underhill, and Sparrow, there was some merit in the performance, as he is only four years old, and is a novice at the business, the only jump race he has run for being the Grand Hurdle Handicap at Auteuil, won by Jackal, and in which he was ridden by Mr. Crawshaw. Underhill, who was ridden by Jones, was a great favourite at 6 to 4, but he never showed prominently in the race, the finish of which was confined to Jules, Prince Patrick, and Surprise, the former, who jumped in finished style, getting the best of the contest the moment he was asked. Fortune smiled on Mr. Bracher, who is an excellent judge of steeple-chasing, as he won the Suburban Stakes with old Breach of Promise, and the Hunters' Steeple-chase with the French-bred Victoire, by Monarque out of Nuncia. In one of the hurdle races Hoodwink, a clever three-year-old filly by Robin Hood out of Flattery, showed that she can not only jump well but stay, as she beat Little Princess, Ruffe, and Nobleman easily; and Sarcolite, Frailty, and Edward did their respective owners good service, by each winning the prize for which he was backed.

The flat races were contested by large fields. In the Nursery, Fate, an Orest filly, was successful, and she subsequently carried off a selling nursery, but nevertheless failed to command a bid when put to auction at 70 guineas. Dilatory proved a good thing for the Mitcham Stakes; and Calypso, entered to be sold for 30 guineas, won the Selling Stakes, and was sold at auction for 80 guineas, thus benefiting, in a trifling way, the race-fund of a most successful and well-conducted meeting.

The new autumn venture at Reading was patronised more by the owners of horses than by the public generally, for all the races filled well, and were most spiritedly contested. The Open Hurdle Race was a very easy affair for Simplon, who has taken quite as naturally to jumping as his half-brother Jackal, which being the case, his form on the flat was too good to permit Stanton, Orator, Altesse, or his other opponents having much chance with him. In the Military Hurdle Plate, fortune favoured the favourite, Tramp, as his four opponents, the Irish filly Spray, Hilarity, Bellissima, and Folengo, bolted at one of the hurdles, which left the race entirely at the mercy of Tramp. In the Second Military Hurdle Handicap, Stanton met with no such opponent as Simplon, the three-year-old Hilarity being the best of his six opponents, in consequence of which he obtained an easy victory. The Handicap of 40 sovs. shows the pains taken to make three-year-olds jump now-a-days, as the three first places were supplied by Minnie Warren, Hoodwink, and Twelfth Cake. The Chilton stable as usual secured a couple of races, as the French-bred Mardi Gras, by Marignan out of Volupté, won the Selling Hurdle Race, and, entered to be sold for 30 guineas, realised 115 guineas at auction, being bought in by Mr. T. Stevens. Though not successful in a pecuniary point of view, the meeting was so in respect to the racing, the great autumn *réunion* at Liverpool not proving the least drawback to it in respect to the supply of horses, though it was doubtless the chief cause of the company not being so numerous as could be desired.

The unpropitious state of the elements, winter weather having set in with unusual severity for the time of the year, was the only drawback to the complete success of the Liverpool Meeting, so ably managed by the Messrs. Topham. The only jump race on the first day, the November Hurdle Handicap, failed to bring to the starting-post so large a field as was anticipated, as only six of the eighteen horses weighted ran. Of these Weathercock, who is now trained by Marsh at Six Mile Bottom, was made the favourite, but Solon, having returned to the good form he showed on one or two occasions last year, made short work of him and his other opponents, the best of whom proved to be Waterloo. Mr. Dalghish rode the winner, who failed to show any of the shiftness he was wont to do, and he will in time make a most useful cross-country horse. On the second day a better field than usual both in number and quality ran for the Grand Sefton Steeple-chase—I won't say contested it—for more than one of the party ran, but too evidently with an eye to the future, a fact that the betting disclosed, so far at least as concerned Jackal. The field, besides that shifty horse, who a month or two back was purchased by Mr. Baltazzi for, it is said, 1500 guineas, comprised Derviche, Furley, Jorrocks, George, Montfort, Miss Hungerford, Berserker, and the French-bred horse, Duc de Beaufort. Jackal opened the favourite at 5 to 1, but was gradually driven out of the market, as much as 50 to 1 being offered against him, a movement that brought the good-looking Duc de Beaufort into prominent notice, and he soon reached the short price of 5 to 2, while Derviche was next in demand, and after him George and Miss Hungerford. Montfort, who, it may be remembered, won the Woodside Handicap Steeple-chase at Croydon last year, was early disposed of by falling; owing, doubtless, to one of his legs having given way, as he returned lame to the enclosure. No other *contreltemps* happily took place in the race, for which the Duc de Beaufort was in front nearly all the way, attended by Berserker, who, although he made a vigorous effort to lower the colours of the French Duc, the latter won easily by four lengths, Miss Hungerford securing the place money, being third, with Jackal next. On returning to weigh in, Marsh, the rider of the latter, was received by some with ironical cheers, while others assumed a rather menacing attitude; but this ebullition of feeling soon passed away, those who had lost their money backing him openly expressing their determination to be on him another day. The flat races brought out large fields, and were contested with great spirit, the series of nurseries in particular. The first of these—the Knowsley Nursery—fell to Trampist, who, with the heavy impost of 8st 12lb, won, like the good horse that he is, in a common canter. This put the backers of the Bedford House stable in high spirits, as the remaining nurseries seemed likely to fall to the share of Captain Machell, by the aid of Leveret or the Papoose colt. The former, however, suffered a head defeat for the Liverpool Nursery from Thornhill, a stable companion of Dalham, who was in receipt of 19lb from Leveret, who had been previously able to get no nearer than third for the Molyneux Nursery, won by Vasco de Gama, with the filly by Joskin out of Queen Mab second. This was a great blow to the stable, independent of the Papoose colt having been also defeated in the Liverpool Nursery. The distance of Vasco de Gama's race being only three furlongs and 100 yards, the roaring infirmity did not affect him, and though he only won by a head, that head was kept in front throughout by little Newhouse, who rode a splendid race.

In the Stewards' Cup, Day Dream, who was brought to the post in splendid form by Wadlow, showed that she has retained the fine speed she last year showed in the Great Eastern Railway Handicap by beating Mohican, late Chingachgook, Oxford Mixture, Grand Flaneur, and several others. The victory was, however, only achieved by a head—Archer's head, for he has seldom ridden a finer race. The Mersey Trial Stakes witnessed the upset of a great "pot" in Lunar Eclipse, who ran unplaced to Robin, who, entered to be sold for 300 guineas, was bought in for 350 guineas. Next day, however, the shifty Lunar Eclipse recouped all who stuck to him for the Alt Welter Handicap, which he won easily, steered by F. Webb, 100 to 8 being betted against him.

The whole of next week will be devoted to the great meeting at Shrewsbury, the extent of the programme for which shows with what great assiduity the Messrs. Frail have laboured to insure its success. To go through the entire list and notice each of the closed races in detail would be impossible, owing to the late hour "The Racing Calendar" has reached my hands, so I can only express my opinion on two or three of the principal races. The Shropshire Stakes, which is run on Wednesday, is likely to attract a large field to the starting-post, and those I consider best in are Drummond, 5 yrs, 8st 4lb, Delay, 5 yrs, 6st 12lb, Lord Gowran, 4 yrs, 6st 8lb, and the colt by Blinkhoolie out of Miss Hawthorn, 3 yrs, 6st 4lb, and I prefer them in the order named.

For the Shrewsbury Cup there is an acceptance of thirty-six horses, and the horses most likely in my opinion to furnish the winner are, ROYAL GEORGE, 4 yrs, 7st 11lb, FREEMAN, 5 yrs, 7st 4lb, and BOULET, 3 yrs, 6st 4lb.

BEACON.

DEATH OF A VETERAN SURREY CRICKETER.

JOHN BAYLEY, of Mitcham, a well-known Surrey player years ago, and an old and valued servant of the Marylebone Club, from whom he was in receipt of an annuity of £20, died at mid-day, on Saturday last, at the Upper Green, Mitcham, next door to the house where he was born, on May 17, 1794, and consequently in his 81st year. The following extract is from Lillywhite's *Scores and Biographies* :—

John Bayley's first match at Lord's, and also his first recorded one, though he must have played in several previously at Mitcham, but the score-books of that once famous club were not preserved. His style of batting was very forward, and he hit hard, but he never excelled in that part of the game. His slow round-armed bowling, though never considered quite first-rate, was exceedingly difficult to play, twisting much and getting up very quick, rapping the fingers frequently. In delivering the ball he neither ran nor walked up to the crease, but advanced with a sort of "shuffle." He was first engaged by the Kingscote Club, in Gloucestershire, but in 1823 he became one of the practice bowlers to the M.C.C. at Lord's, and continued a "faithful servant" to the club till 1854. His name will be found in the Marylebone matches as far on as 1850, when fifty-six years of age, and in the Mitcham Eleven in 1856, playing as late in life as almost any cricketer. In 1851 the M.C.C. gave him a benefit, but, owing to another great match coming off the same day at Brighton and the bad weather, it is to be feared he did not gain much. He is one of the few cricketers who, from first to last, have played in great matches for thirty years. The most curious part of Bayley's career, however, is that he did not begin to distinguish himself much till he had reached forty-two years of age, as all his greatest feats as a bowler commence in or about 1836. He was always a remarkably civil man, and a general favourite. He was born May 17, 1794, at Mitcham, in Surrey, where he has lived all his life, following the business of a tailor. Height, 6ft.; and weight, 13st 8lb.

His last year at Lord's was 1850, having been retained as professional to the Marylebone Club in 1823. For some years past he has been gradually breaking up, and, as recorded above, the last wicket has fallen in his life's long innings.

LEICESTER, 1875.—Leicester Races are fixed for Thursday and Friday, October 7 and 8.

MIDDLEHAM.—Precentor has left Winter's stable, and gone to Hall's to be trained.

THE Truth gelding has done nothing but walk and trot about since his arrival at Hednesford.

CHARLES has been sent to the Messrs. Barrow's establishment at Newmarket, to be added to the list of geldings.

CORR PARK RACES, 1875.—The racing fixtures for these popular gatherings are dated May 4 and 5, and August 17 and 18.

CORONACH, 2 yrs., was bought in for 110 guineas on winning the Tuesday Stakes at Liverpool.

THE two-year-old colt by Distin out of Cosette has been named *Glory*.

ROBIN.—This two-year-old was bought in by Mr. T. Dawson for 350 guineas on winning the Mersey Trial Cup, his entered selling price being 300 sovs.

CHIEF RANGER, 4 yrs., was sold to Capt. Warburton, after winning the Waterloo Welter Handicap, at Liverpool, on Tuesday, for 150 guineas, the conditional selling price being 70 sovs.

GRAND DUCHESS.—Mr. Gretton's two-year-old filly was bought in for 200 guineas on winning the Selling Nursery at Liverpool, 50 sovs. being the conditional selling price.

Two yearling colts by Pero Gomez, the property of Sir Robert Peel, have arrived at Prince Batthyany's private stables to be trained.

A. MAY.—This jockey was reported for disobedience to the starter's orders at Streatham on Monday, and when the case was brought before the stewards on Tuesday, he was fined £5, and informed that his next offence would bring him under the notice of the stewards of the Jockey Club.

MANCHESTER, 1875.—Manchester Spring Steeple-chase, Flat, and Hurdle Race Meeting is fixed for Easter Monday and Tuesday, March 20 and 30. At the Manchester Summer Meeting £500 will be added to the Manchester Cup, and £300 to a new two-year-old race, to be called the John O'Gaunt Plate.

NEWMARKET.—A little sporting affair came off last Saturday at Newmarket in the shape of an off-hand match, two miles, over hurdles, between Capt. Machell's Artiller and Mr. T. Jennings's George. The latter, who had slightly the call in the betting, justified the confidence of his supporters by jumping in first-class style and having it all his own way, the Captain's horse coming to grief with Jemmy Jewitt some distance from home.

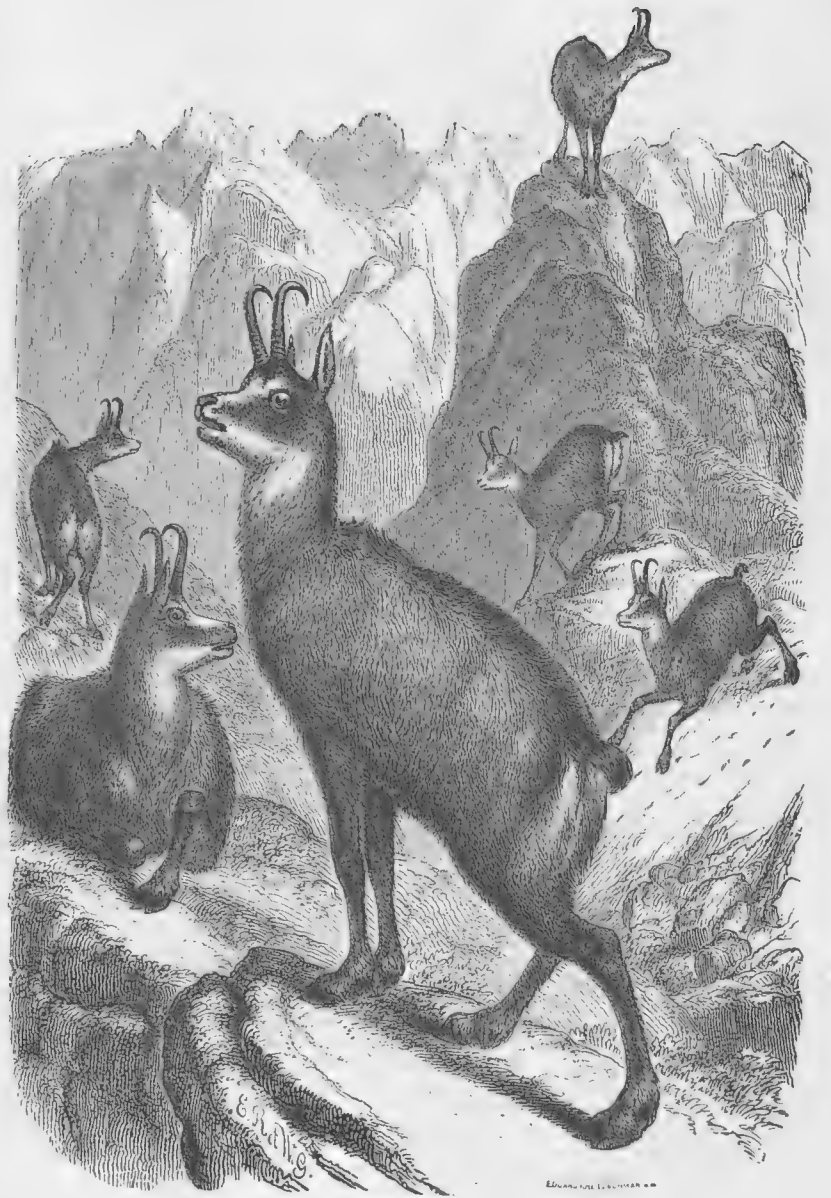
THE PARI-MUTUELS.—The police, it will be remembered, made a raid a short time since upon the French pari-mutuels, nine of the agents being summoned and fined in various amounts, and an appeal against that decision was still pending, but in the meantime business had been resumed and carried on as briskly as ever, the agents contending that they had a right to pursue their avocation. The plea, however, appears to have been now decisively rejected, and the court has given judgment condemning all nine parties implicated, Oller and Chéron being fined 1000 fr. each, Rouveau and Flahout 100 fr. each, and the others 500 fr. each; all plant, stock, and materials to be seized and the offices closed.

DEATH IN THE HUNTING FIELD.—On Thursday week an inquest was held at Mansfield Woodhouse, near Mansfield, Nottinghamshire, on the body of Colonel Charles Hugh Lushington, who died very suddenly in the hunting field. The deceased, who resided at Debdale Hall, was out with the Rufford hounds (Mr. Savile's), on Tuesday week, when a fox was bolted from a covert, and a sharp run of nearly ten miles resulted. At the close the deceased was riding quietly along with his daughter, near Thoresby, when he suddenly fell off his horse. Medical assistance was immediately forthcoming, but the gallant Colonel died after the lapse of a few seconds. Dr. Sparke gave it as his opinion that death was the result of sanguineous apoplexy, and the jury returned a verdict accordingly. The deceased was in his sixty-second year.

ANIMAL LIFE IN THE ALPS.



1.—THE BOUQUETIN OR IBEX OF THE ALPS.



2.—THE CHAMOIS.

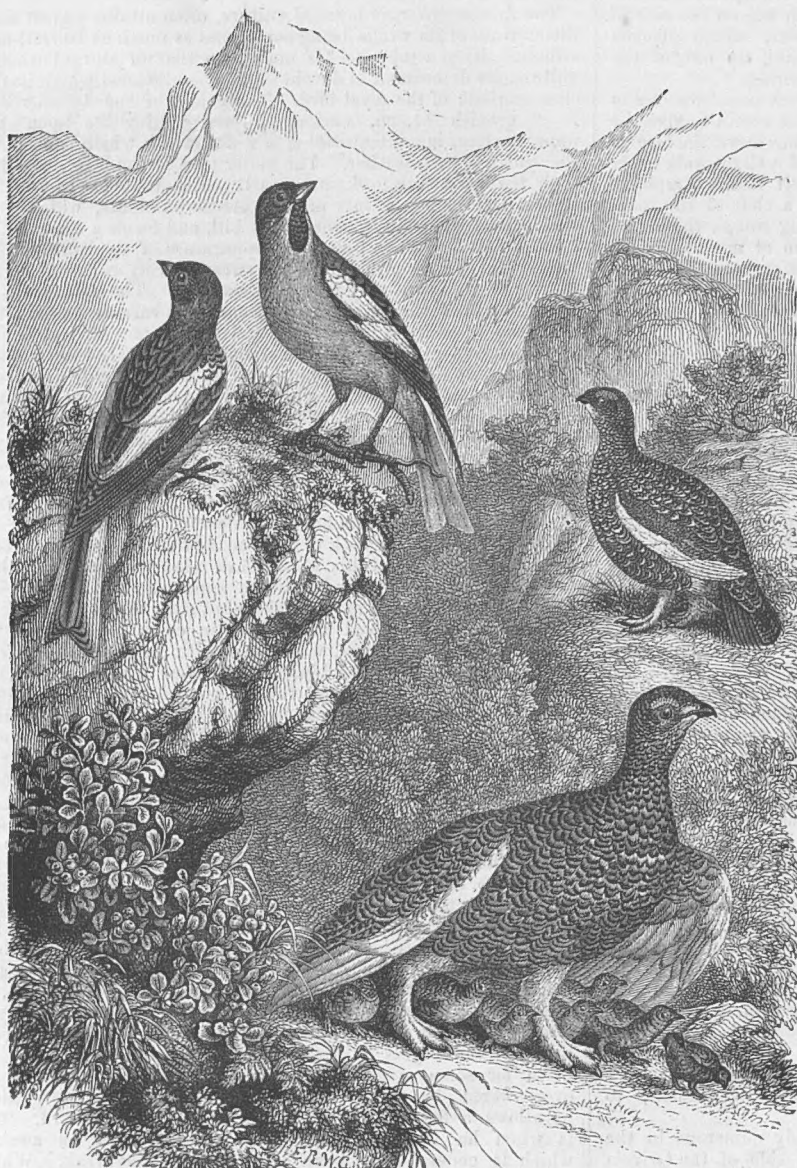


3.—THE GOLDEN EAGLE.



4.—THE LÄMMERGEIER.

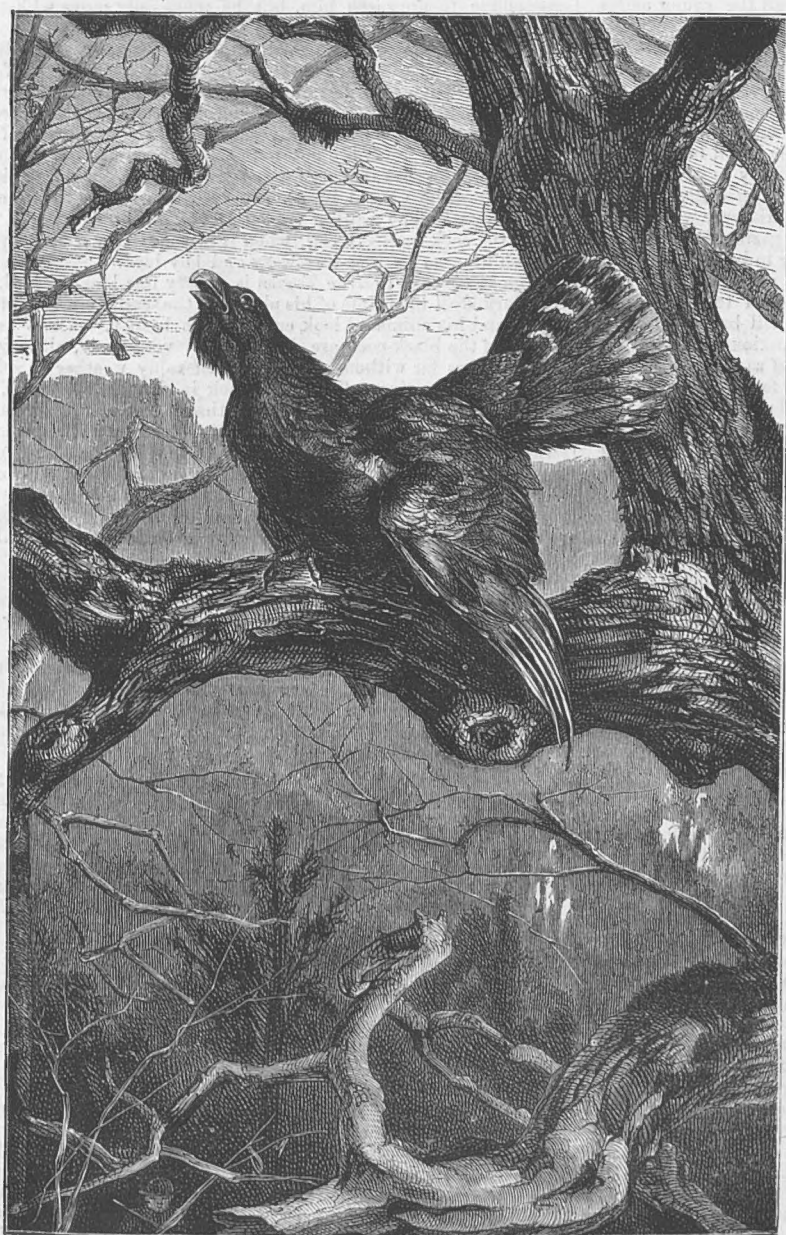
ANIMAL LIFE IN THE ALPS.



5.—BROWN PTARMIGAN AND SNOW BUNTINGS.



6.—BLACK-GAME.



7.—THE COCK OF THE WOODS.



8.—RED-LEGGED PARTRIDGES.

ANIMAL LIFE IN THE ALPS.

THE districts of Cogne, Campiglia, Ceresole, and Valsavaranche, comprise the hunting-grounds of H.M. Victor Emmanuel, and here the game is strictly preserved, sign-posts being set up in each valley with the inscription, "Defense de chasse," and *gardes-chasse*, or keepers, are constantly watching to prevent incursions of poachers. This region has special interest in the eyes of a sportsman, as it is the only spot in Europe where the *Steinbock* or *bouquetin* (*Capra ibex*) is still to be met with. Ibex, although heavy-looking animals compared with chamois, have most wonderful climbing and saltatory powers, and can get over the most inaccessible-looking places in a most extraordinary manner. No obstacle seems to stop them or impede their progress, and when alarmed, they make their way in almost a direct line over seemingly impassable ground, clambering up the almost perpendicular scarps of a mountain with incredible speed, or bounding from rock to rock amongst the highest peaks of their mountain fastnesses. One of the most distinguished diplomatists of the day, who is a sportsman of no common order, gives the following account of ibex hunting in the preserves of *il Re galantuomo*, in the Graian Alps.

I was one day asked by the King why I did not go ibex shooting, and I replied that I had understood that game was reserved for the royal rifle. "Oh pooh," said the monarch, with his usual good-humoured smile; "go. I've been, and it's devilish hard work."

So I took the bearings of the country, and started on the 2nd inst. with a very amiable "compagnon de chasse," the young Count d'Aglié, who in his capacity of an engineer officer has surveyed a portion of the Alps; and away and away and away went we like Lord Bateman's porter up the valley of Ponte, then to Ceresole, and at last arrived on that enchanted spot on European ground where no Englishman had ever set his foot. I was a sort of Mungo Park in an undiscovered Alpine region.

We arrived at the outskirts of humanity, where it exists in the shape of cowherds, on the 3rd, and found ourselves at the foot of a perpendicular wall of rock, the apparent bounding of one of those sloping Alps where cows graze in peace and men make cheese in plenty. The glaciers rose immediately from the wall; so we took a good look at it, and then ensconced ourselves in straw and blankets, and turned in to turn out at sunrise; rather before than after.

The next morning at 5 we were off up the wall, and, having surmounted it, arrived at a long plain (or rather succession of undulating hills), grassy and cool, with five lakes studding its surface, bounded on either hand with glaciers, the home of the ibex. After plodding along for four hours, we came to some stiffish walking, and shortly after to the edge of the eternal snows; then some more climbing, till at last we were told by Moot the stalker to ensconce ourselves amongst the rocks.

Moot is a one-armed poacher; a drunken vagabond, but an undeniably good poacher.

He boasts of but one arm and a suit of ragged clothes; never seems to be in a sweat, a chill, or a hurry. He wore a cap of ibex skin, and has a face the counterpart of a lynx or wild cat, and is the keenest hunter I ever met with. He has a marvellous facility for hitching baggage, guns, &c., on to his stump; and no hill seems stiff enough to blow him. He possesses a weapon, half gun, half pattering, which seems compounded of several detachments of old iron shops, and is kept together with several ingenious arrangements of hide and hoops. He asked me to try a shot with Purdey's rifle; so I obliged him at 200 yards. "Ah!" said he, "if I had that rifle, there wouldn't be a *bouck* (as they call the ibex) alive on those mountains in three years' time."

Moot's shoes were the most marvellous things I ever saw on human feet. They seemed to be a collection of nails and slippers, and he clung to stones with his toes, jumping, covered with baggage, from stone to stone like a goat. At last, after a four hours' stiff pull, he showed us where to hide amongst the stones. Says he: "The drivers have gone four hours since up the back of those glaciers; in two hours more they will show on those hill-tops, and in an hour and a half, if there's a *bouck* on that glacier, it will pass there," pointing to the top of a flattish hill about 200 yards off.

So by timing his beaters, and by ingenious management of wind and ground, he brought all his men to their places at the same moment. At the time he mentioned we heard some stones rattle; but as the hill was in the shade, and we were two miles off, and had only a small glass amongst three of us, I saw nothing, though Moot worked his stump into convulsions, but never uttered a word, hid himself like a serpent in a hollow, out of which he glared upon me now and then like an ancient hyena, wagging his head and winking at his blunderbus.

I waited patiently for an hour and a half—Moot invisible—and I was getting rather sick of being jammed into a hole in a broiling sun, with a small keen wind that penetrated to the bones—dying of thirst and nothing to drink, and no ibex, when of a sudden I saw under the glimmer of the sun, which was reflected on the glacier of the flat-topped hill (named the Ibex Pass), something brown coming cantering along like a hare. It is a hare, thought I.

But then I said to myself if it was a hare, it would be blue in these regions. Then I thought it was a chamois—yet, said I, chamois don't canter—they buck and skip. What the deuce is it? It was about the size of a goat, a dun colour, with horns like a goat, but with a short coat unlike a goat. However, on it came, stopping every now and then, first to lick the snow, then to crop some herb or other, till at last it arrived at the pass, where in a minute it would be down amongst the rocks and out of sight. So not knowing what it was, and seeing nothing else to shoot at, and the beaters appearing on the very tops of the glaciers, I thought I might as well try Purdey upon this goat, hare, witch, or whatever it might be; so I gave a sharp whistle, and the critter held up its head listening. I held Purdey with the 200-yard sight up just below the chin, pulled the trigger—crack—and over rolled the unknown, shot through the gullet. Moot never stirred, but in the hoarsest whisper I heard him say "Carica, carica" (Load, load); so I loaded, and waited till I heard somebody holloa out, "Caprina, che Diavolo—caprina" (In the Devil's name, here's a female ibex). I had shot an ibex without knowing it.

As a shot it was first rate—exactly where I held, the bullet had cut the windpipe, and had passed through the heart (I being above the pass) into the gralloch.

Moot came over to me, and, glaring hideously out of his cat-like eyes, worked his stump into fits, patting me on the back as a groom pats a horse, and saying in a hissing tone of voice, "Bono cacciatoor! bono, bono," and all the beaters as they dropped in went through the same ceremony of patting and saying, "Bono, bono; bono cacciatoor"; and they eyed the rifle covetously, and took aims with it, and patted it, and one man kissed it, and then they all wanted to carry it, a motion which I did not consider it necessary to oppose, seeing we had a seven hours' walk before us.

The ibex, which weighed about 75 lbs., had its four feet tied together, and then one of the drivers hitched them on to his fore-

head and set off (without shoes) along precipices and over glaciers on a five-hours' walk back to the *chalet*. He only rested once for about ten minutes, and as he was of the mature age of 55, I rather envied him his power of leg and lungs.

The next day I was off at five o'clock to try another glacier, to the north of that where I had shot the ibex. We had a five hours' walk, and then arrived at our station, which was on the side of a steep gorge at the division of two glaciers, which glaciers covered the sides of huge mountains springing up out of the general plateau which we ascended in the morning.

These glaciers were all detached, and the ibex pass from one to the other; consequently the beaters were sent round to give the ibex their wind, which were expected to come down the face of one glacier and across another. This involved a slight walk of six hours up the glacier, and as Moot and self had a couple of hours to wait, we built a charming *cache* in a cleft of the rock, and pulled out the glass and that never failing solace, the baccy. Whilst I was listening to a marvellous yarn of my one-armed companion about how he had shot an ibex sixty years old with horns one yard and a half long at this very spot fifteen years ago, we heard the stones begin to rattle on the face of the mountain opposite, just under the line of snow.

Moot picked up the glass. "There's a *caprina*" (she ibex), he said, "and I think I see two *boucks*; there are some chamois, too, going all right, the *boucks* coming to us, the chamois going down to the flat as usual."

I was just stretching out my hand to take the glass when, casting my eyes to the left where the gorge descended into an enormous deep valley over a gigantic glacier, I saw two bucks of quite another genus to the ibex come tripping over the snow as stealthily as cats, with their eyes turned up towards the place where the stones were rattling on the hill-side. They were two poachers from the famous valley of Aosta, into which run all the minor valleys I had passed. These gentry had slept on the glacier, and were now, like Moot and myself, doing a little bit of poaching, for the ibex is protected by a severe game law; they sneaked round the corner of the glacier, and then lay flat on the stones about twenty yards above us. Seeing that these distinguished adventurers were going to spoil all the fun, I desired the astute Moot to hail them and point out that we were in possession. Moot gave a hiss; the poachers were evidently astounded, but could not make out where we were, so Moot showed his colours, and desired them politely to "come out of that," to which they replied by a grimace expressive of defiance, and of an opinion that they had as much right to be there as ourselves. To which I rejoined that, if they did not make tracks, I should be compelled to make "bodies" of one or both of them, and showed the muzzle of the Purdey at an unpleasant level. The click of the lock sent them both off at double-quick, and they made tracks down the glacier like chamois.

However, the mischief was done—the ibex heard the colloquy and the flight out "of that," took a turn along the face of the hill away from us, and the chance was lost. So we had nothing for it but to wait for the beaters and drivers and then make tracks too. I did not get to head-quarters till half past 9 at night, having been out since 5 a.m., and when I arrived, I learnt that the Duke of Genoa wanted to try his hand; so I of course vacated the ground, and returned, incontinent, to Turin.

Chamois (*Rupi capra tragus*) are tolerably numerous in the royal preserves, particularly in the western side of the Grivola and south of the Gran Paradiso range, and although they inhabit the wildest parts of the mountain, they do not ascend the elevated peaks constantly visited by the ibex; indeed they rarely pass the valley of the glaciers, or descend below the wooded belts beneath. They are generally found in herds of fifteen or twenty, the old males remaining alone, except during the rutting season, when they join the herd, from which they expel all the young males. They are very keen of scent, sharp-sighted, and vigilant, uttering a shrill whistling sound when alarmed, which signal sets the whole herd in motion, and they spring from rock to rock and run along almost inaccessible scarps with the greatest ease and security. "A chamois, when dashing down the mountain, will suddenly stop as if struck by a thunder-bolt some yards from the spot where recent human foot-prints are to be found in the snow, and, turning scared away, rush off immediately in an opposite direction. A rolling stone or a spoken word at once attracts their attention, and they will look and listen to discover whence the sound has come for an incredibly long time, gazing fixedly in one direction quite immovable; and if it happen to be towards something in your neighbourhood that their attention has been attracted, you must lie still and close indeed to escape their observation. The eyes of the whole herd will be fixed on the spot with a long steady stare, and as you anxiously watch them from afar, they almost look like fragments of rock, so motionless are they. You begin to hope they have found no cause for alarm, when, 'Phew!' the sharp whistle tells they have fathomed the mystery, and away they move to the precipitous rocks overhead."

The chamois hunter has been thus vividly described:—"A tall man, gaunt and bony, his brown and sinewy knees were bare and scratched and scarred; his beard was black and long, his hair shaggy, and hunger was in his face; the whole man looked as if he had just escaped from the den of a wolf, where he had lain starved, and in daily expectation of being eaten. But it was his eyes, the wild, staring fixedness of his eyes, that kept mine gazing on him; the bent eagle nose, the high fleshless cheek-bones added to their power. There was no fierceness in them, nor were they greedy eyes, but they were those of a man who had been snatched from a horrible death, and in whom the recollection was not effaced, nor likely to be. They were always wide open; the whole creature seemed vigilant, and awaiting at any moment to wrestle with fate. But this was observable in the eyes alone, not in the other features, for the nostrils were not distended, nor the lips clenched, as they must have been to harmonise with the meaning that was in his eyes." "He is a silent and reserved man," say they who have made the acquaintance of the chamois hunter. Who can wonder at it? Who shall tell the wondrous sights he has seen? Who knows, when he returns at night to his hut in the valley, with the good chamois lading his *Rucksack*, who knows how close the hunter has been that day to death?—by what twig, or accidental stone, or other of God's good providences, he has been saved on the verge of the spiky gulf a thousand feet deep? They can only know it from the hunter's own mouth, and he has long since ceased to regard them as marvels, or things worth relating.

The golden eagle of the Alps (*Aquila chrysaetos*) is a truly royal-looking bird, and it is not surprising that the ancients made him the companion of the god who reigned supreme on high, who sat enthroned on cloud, and at whose feet rolled the thunder. The eagle has frequently been seen soaring over the highest Alps, and hanging suspended above that region of unbroken solitude. His piercing vision enables him even at that height to scan the movements of all below, and when circling so high that he looks but as a dot, he will suddenly fall like an aërolite, and, passing through three or four thousand feet in a few seconds of time, make a swoop and carry off a young chamois or a kid in his flight. An eagle would only carry off such objects as he can seize in sweeping by, in full flight, never pouncing down on his prey,

and devouring it on the ground like a falcon. In building their eyries, eagles generally choose some inaccessible ledge facing the south, and sheltered by an overhanging rock, where the young birds will be safe from the attacks of vermin, and, when unmolested, they will often resort to the same place year after year for the purpose of breeding.

The *Lämmergeier*, or bearded vulture, often attains a great size, the expanse of its wings being sometimes as much as 10 feet, and although its general aspect is more like that of an eagle than a vulture, its demeanour is devoid of that fearlessness which is the characteristic of the royal bird. The colour of the *Lämmergeier* is a greyish brown, curiously lined with white upon the upper surface, in consequence of a white streak which runs along the centre of each feather. The under part of the body, together with the head and neck, are nearly white, tinged with reddish brown, and it has a tuft of long bristle-like hairs, which take their rise at the nostrils beneath the bill, and forms a conspicuous kind of beard. When flying, the appearance of the lamb-vulture is very fine, on account of its great sweep of wing and rapid flight, but its size has been very much exaggerated. The *Lämmergeier*, like the rest of the vulture tribe, lives upon carrion, but it often picks up a lamb in the valleys, and is a determined enemy to young chamois. If it sees one standing heedlessly near a steep scarp, cunningly taking advantage of its wings, it will hurl itself suddenly against it, and precipitate the poor creature into the depths below, whither it immediately follows it. Like other birds of prey, it generally builds its nest upon a projecting ledge, on the face of a cliff, which construction is chiefly composed of sticks covered with dry leaves and moss. These marauders are not uncommon in some districts in the Alps, although of late years it is said that their numbers have considerably diminished.

The capercaillie, or cock of the woods (*Tetrao urugallus*), is a stout hardy bird, and his glossy dark plumage varying in hue gives him an exceedingly handsome appearance. His head is a bluish black, varying in tint like shot silk, whilst the beak is short, very much curved and yellow in colour, and round the eyes are bare excrescences, which vary with the bird's age. The lower part of the neck is a bluish steel colour, but the rest of the body is black, with here and there a greyish feather. The long feathers of the tail are black, bordered with brown, and spotted with white in regular lines. The cock bird weighs about twelve pounds. The hen is a much smaller bird, has a black beak, and is a rusty brown colour, with whitish spots on the breast. These fine game birds are nowhere found in great numbers, and its moderate increase is not owing to ungeniality of climate, or any difficulty of finding food, but simply to the careless mode in which the hen builds her nest in exposed situations on the ground, so that they are liable to be destroyed, and the young brood are exposed to constant danger from birds of prey. The haunt of the capercaillie is in the large pine forests skirting high mountains, and during the day he remains in the undergrowth in company with his hens, whilst at night he flies to roost on a side bough of some tall pine. At the time he goes to roost, he generally makes a great rustle and fluttering, and this habit often betrays his whereabouts to the sportsman. In the pairing season, which begins in the beginning of April, there is a time when for some moments his usual shyness and timidity are overpowered by other feelings, when, blinded by passion, he allows a fox to approach him unnoticed and unheard. This is when he is uttering his love-call soon after he awakes, which is generally an hour or two before daybreak. Whilst uttering his love-call, a peculiarly guttural "tut, tut," "peller, peller," followed by a long drawn out sound like the smack with the tongue, he spreads out his tail like a fan, and with head outstretched, eyes partially closed, and wings quivering with excitement, he pirouettes from side to side on his perch, and whilst the fit is on him sees and hears nothing. This is the moment for the sportsman to approach him, but he must only move whilst the bird is calling, remaining stationary as if he was rooted to the earth before he has finished the final sound. Mr. Boner "attributes this strange ecstasy to the excited state of the nervous system exercising an influence over the whole organisation, for should the hunter fire at and miss the cock just when he is trailing his wings and quivering with the intensity of his passion, he will probably not take wing, nor will the report of the gun or the shot that fly around him disturb him in the least. He will not have heard it, so entirely is every sense then merged in the one." The pairing season lasts four or five weeks, and then the cock ceases to call, when it becomes very difficult to approach him, as he is a very wary and shy bird.

The black-cock (*Tetrao tetrix*) is a very fine-looking bird, and the dark steel blue tints of his plumage, the scarlet circle round his eyes, and his animated look enhance his beauty. Short as the wings of the black-cock are, its flight is very rapid, although it seldom flies far without alighting. In rainy weather it seldom mounts on the wing. The black-cock is shy, sharp-sighted, and gifted with a keen sense of smell, so that it is generally difficult of approach, except in the pairing season, which is early in the spring, when it becomes careless, and may be found by the chuckling it makes as it dances excitedly in a half bewildered state. The brown ptarmigan and red-legged partridge are also found in the broken ground covered with lichens on the lower spurs of the Alps, but the former is by no means common. Its habits and general appearance very much resemble the red grouse of Britain.

THE GREAT PAIR-OARED MATCH.—The third deposit of £10 a side in the pair-oared match to be rowed on December 21, from the High Level Bridge to Scotswood Suspension Bridge on the Tyne, has been made at Newcastle. Both pairs have been practising on the Tyne, but being very backward in condition, as well as rowing in old and unsuitable boats, their performance has not been much noticed.

BICYCLE v. HORSE.—The two miles' match between D. Stanton, of Hornsey, the 10 miles' champion, and C. Finch's colt (Flying Scud), of Hounslow, which was arranged to take place at the Queen's Grounds, Hammersmith, on Monday, December 7, will take place instead on Tuesday, November 24, the Tuesday before the great 50 miles' match between J. Keen and D. Stanton, at Wolverhampton. Stanton has accepted Cooper's, of Sheffield, challenge to run one mile level for £100 a side at the Molineux Grounds, Wolverhampton.

F. KILSBY v. W. SADLER.—On Monday afternoon, in fine weather, the above named scullers met at Putney to decide a match that has been pending for some time, the stake being £50. The conditions of the race were that they should row in the best boats obtainable by each party, and under the new rules of boat-racing. Neither man was to be piloted by any other person than the umpire (Mr. Wormald), whose decision, under any circumstances, was not to be subjected to an appeal. At the start the "talent" were disposed towards the chance of Sadler, being content to lay 6 to 4 on. He was favoured, too, with luck in the toss, which, however, was not likely to do him any service, as the tide was very slack, and but little water was under them by the time they arrived at Mortlake. Kilsby dashed off with the lead, and increased it to three lengths and a half at Hammersmith Bridge, after which the race was virtually over, he eventually winning easily by half a dozen lengths.

Shooting.

THE QUEX PARK GUN CLUB.

The second meeting of this newly-formed club was held on Wednesday last, at Sir Stephen Lakeman's, Quex Park, near Birchington, Kent, and being the day previous to the Coursing Meeting there was a large company present, although the Canterbury contingent did not muster in great force. The shooting took place on a piece of very level ground just inside the park, the only obstacle being a very short boundary on one side. Proceedings commenced at the early hour of twelve o'clock, and the competition for three Silver Challenge Cups occupied the greater part of the day. The principal one, value twenty-five guineas, was competed for by fourteen members, at five pigeons each, which Mr. A. Gillow (28), a well-known member of the London Gun Club, won by killing all. The second, value ten guineas, was competed for by a like number of members, and this fell to Mr. A. Clarke (the hon. secretary), after tying with three others. The third, valued at five guineas, received a similar number of entries, and this was won by Mr. Samuelson (28), by killing four pigeons out of his stipulated number. The rest of the day was devoted to handicap sweepstakes shooting, five being got through previous to the supply of birds being exhausted. Dr. Mason (27) won the first by killing all his birds. Dr. Brown (26) and Mr. F. M. Cobb (26) shared the second. Mr. A. Clark (27) won the third by killing two pigeons out of three. Mr. Thorp (26) was successful in the fourth after a long contest with Mr. Clark, and Mr. A. Gillow (28) won the last, after tying with four other members, the birds supplied by Offer, of Hammersmith, being of such superior quality that only seven birds were killed to twenty-two missed in the last sweepstakes. Mr. A. Beers' patent pulling apparatus was used for the occasion, and acted with the greatest precision. Appended is the full score:—

A SILVER CHALLENGE CUP, value Twenty-five Guineas, five pigeons each, handicap distances, the use of both barrels, 1½ oz. shot, and 80 yards' boundary. 14 subs.

Mr. A. Gillow (28)	1 1 1 1 1	Mr. R. Edwards (25)	0
Mr. F. M. Cobb (26)	1 1 1 0	Dr. Mason (27)	0
Mr. A. Clarke (27)	1 1 0	Mr. R. Smithett (24)	0
Mr. G. B. Stansfield (29)	1 0	Mr. E. Maxted (26)	0
Mr. H. Hughes (26)	1 0	Mr. Talman (27)	0
Dr. Brown (26)	0	Mr. Pilcher (27)	0
Mr. A. Thorp (26)	0	Mr. R. Samuelson (28)	0

SECOND CHALLENGE CUP, value Ten Guineas, similar conditions.		14 subs.	
Mr. A. Clarke (27)	1 1 0 0 1	Mr. A. Thorp (26)	1 0 0 0
Mr. Pilcher (27)	1 1 0 0 1	Dr. Brown (26)	0 0 0 0
Mr. A. Gillow (28)	1 1 0 1 0	Mr. H. Hughes (26)	0 0 0 0
Mr. G. B. Stansfield (29)	1 1 0 1 0	Dr. Mason (27)	0 0 0 0
Mr. Talman (27)	0 1 1 0 0	Mr. R. Smithett (24)	0 0 0 0
Mr. F. M. Cobb (26)	1 0 1 0 0	Mr. E. Maxted (26)	0 0 0 0
Mr. R. Edwards (25)	1 0 0 1 0	Mr. R. Samuelson (28)	0 0 0 0

TIES FOR THE CUP.		
Mr. A. Clarke	1 0 1	The Cup
Mr. Pilcher	1 0 0	
Mr. G. B. Stansfield	0	
Mr. A. Gillon	0	

THIRD CHALLENGE CUP, value Five Guineas, similar conditions. 14 subs.									
Mr. R. Samuelson (28)	1	0	1	1	1	Mr. A. Gillow (28)	0	0	0
Mr. F. M. Cobb (26)	1	1	1	0	0	Mr. R. Smithett (24)	0	0	0
Mr. A. Thorp (26)	1	1	0	0	0	Dr. Mason (27)	0	0	0
Mr. G. B. Stansfield (29)	0	1	1	0	0	Mr. R. Edwards (25)	0	0	0
Mr. Pilcher (27)	0	0	0	0	0	Mr. H. Hughes (26)	0	0	0
Mr. Talman (27)	0	0	0	0	0	Dr. Brown (26)	0	0	0
Mr. E. Maxted (26)	0	0	0	0	0	Mr. A. Clarke (27)	0	0	0

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

THE will and codicil, dated November 6, 1872, and June 16 last, of Samuel Beale, late of Warfield Grove, Berks, who died on September 11, were proved on the 6th inst. by William Lansdowne Beale, the son, and James Samuel Beale, the nephew, two of the executors, the personal estate, including leasehold property, being sworn under £350,000. The testator leaves to his wife, Mrs. Mary Beale, a legacy of £1000 and certain furniture, and an annuity of £1500 for life; to his son William Lansdowne he devises the estates of Warfield Grove; and there are legacies to several members of his own and his present and late wife's families, servants, and others. As to the residue of his property, he bequeaths one moiety to his said son, and the other moiety, upon trust, for his daughter, Mrs. Catherine Emma Sargent.

The will, dated Feb. 4, 1873, of George Vaughan, late of No. 88, Westbourne Terrace, who died, on the 7th ult., at No. 37, Adelaide Crescent, Hove, was proved on the 5th inst. by Mrs. Elizabeth Vaughan, the widow, and his stepsons, Richard Bankes Barron, Herbert Barron, and Montague Barron, the executors, the personal estate being sworn under £180,000. The testator bequeaths to his wife all his furniture, pictures, jewellery, and plate, £1000 absolutely, and his residences at Westbourne Terrace and Brighton for her use for life. After giving some other legacies he leaves the residue of his estate, upon trust, for his wife for life; at her death the following charitable bequests are to be paid, free of legacy duty—viz., to St. Thomas's Hospital, Stangate, £1000; and to the London Hospital (Whitechapel), the Middlesex Hospital (Berners Street), St. Mary's Hospital (Paddington), the Orthopaedic Hospital (Oxford Street), the Royal Hospital for Incurables (West Hill, Putney Heath), the Ophthalmic Hospital (near Finsbury Square), the Charing Cross Hospital, the Idiot Asylum (Earlswood), the Surrey Dispensary (Southwark), the Philanthropic Society (Redhill), the Smallpox Hospital (Highgate Hill), the Consumptive Hospital (Brompton), the Metropolitan Convalescent Institution (Walton-on-Thames), and the Great Northern Hospital (Caledonian Road), £500 each. The remainder of his property the testator leaves between the eight children of his wife by her former husband, in equal shares.

The will and two codicils, dated March 12, 1861, April 27, 1868, and March 2, 1874, of Admiral Sir Robert Smart, K.C.B., K.H., who died, Sept. 10 last, at Rothbury House, Chiswick, were proved on the 31st ult. by Dame Elizabeth Isabella Smart, the widow, John Charles Sharpe, and the Rev. John Henry Smart, the nephew, the executors, the personal estate being sworn under £12,000. The testator gives to his wife his furniture absolutely, and a life interest in all the rest of his property; at her death he leaves two-fifths of the royalties under his estate of Mainsforth, Durham, to his daughter, Miss Isabella Dora Smart, and, subject thereto, he entails such estate on his son, Robert William John Smart. The residue of his personality is to be equally divided between his said son and daughter.

The will, dated Aug. 19 last, of Humphrey Miller Bashall, of Hastings, who died, at 30, Mayton Street, Hornsey Road, on Aug. 30, was proved on the 17th ult. by William Bashall, the brother, the sole executor, the personality being sworn under £35,000. The testator bequeaths £200 and his furniture, plate, and household effects to his housekeeper, Mary Ashley Pryer; £800 between the children of Mrs. Terrie; and the residue of his property to his said brother.

The will of Sir John James Walsham, Bart., has been proved at Hereford under £4000.

The will, dated Oct. 26, 1869, of John Corrie, late of Wilby, near Wellingborough, Northamptonshire, and of Lenwick, Kirkcudbright, N.B., has been proved in London by William Corrie, the acting executor, the personality in the United Kingdom being sworn under £14,000.—From the "Illustrated London News" of November 14, 1874.

THE "CLAUQUE."

AMONG the many institutions tolerated abroad which we Englishmen would not permit—possibly because our sense of right and propriety is keener than that of many foreign nations—none are more curious and worthy of study than the "Clauque"—that gang of hired applauders on whose influence the success of many a comedy and drama performed on the French stage solely depends. It is strange in such times as these, when the Paris theatrical world possesses such authors as Angier, Sardou, and the younger Dumas, such artists as MM. Mounet Sully, the two Coquelins, Dumaine, Taillade, &c., and Mmes. Rousseil, Croizette, and Favart, that the clauque should be a "necessary institution." The expression is that of the director of one of the chief and most successful Parisian theatres, to whom one was speaking on the subject, and who declares it to be his opinion that, without the assistance of the clauque, no piece, unless it was one of the most marked talent, would ever obtain a run. "The Parisians," he added in support of his remark, "possess a certain amount of esprit, and to some extent a good judgment; but my experience of them has taught me that they need leading on and influencing whenever a question of opining formally presents itself. They seem afraid of expressing any individual sentiment, but eagerly follow in the wake of any who may venture to testify approval or displeasure. Now, this is the use of the clauque. The piece, one will suppose, has proceeded pretty fairly, still there has as yet been no very striking incident in it. At the precise moment, when the spectators are asking themselves whether they should laugh or yawn, hiss or applaud, cry or whistle, the clauque comes in with its applause, and settles the question. The note once given, *cela va tout seul*. The Parisians are easily influenced, but fight shy of expressing an opinion of their own, that is to say, supposing they have one, and it very often happens that they have none whatever."

The clauque is an ancient institution dating back to the palmy days of the Empire of the Cæsars, when Nero wielded the sceptre, assumed by that consummate actor, Augustus, and when, at the culminating point of felicity, the Roman people had nothing else to do but to feed and amuse themselves. "Panem et circenses!" was their cry, and if there was sometimes a deficiency of the former, the latter were always lavishly provided. As is well known, both their theatres and circuses were organised on a most gigantic scale. At one moment gladiators displayed their prowess to the pleasure-loving citizens, while at another toga'd patricians raced in their richly ornamented chariots round the arena. Buffoons and jesters, conjurors and sorcerers, were also among the attractions, and poets and musicians came with flute and song to compete for the prizes of music and poetry, and to receive

"The Roman million's blame or praise."

Among these latter was Nero, to whom the original establishment of the clauque is ascribed. "This good prince," as he is styled by his eighteenth-century apologist, Lingnet, had one little weakness: a love of music and the theatre. He flattered himself that he was a musician and an actor, and was extremely fond of mounting on the stage, naturally having an inordinate thirst for applause. Finding that the ordinary frequenters of the theatre did not applaud him in a sufficiently grandiose and enthusiastic manner, but that they manifested their intense satisfaction at his performances with awkward clapping and harsh cries, he instituted a legion of *laudiceni*, composed of 5000 robust young men whose duty it was to applaud him, and such few privileged actors and musicians of whose talent he was not sufficiently jealous to consider them as rivals. The dress of these *laudiceni*, Suetonius tells us, was elegant; they wore their hair long, and carried, as a badge, a ring on one of their fingers. They were divided into squadrons, each being commanded by a Roman knight, who enjoyed an annual salary of 40,000 sesterces, or over £260. The simultaneous clapping of their ten thousand hands naturally produced a most grandiose effect, and when one considers that their duty was merely to give the signal for and to regulate the applause, one can perhaps form some idea of the intensity of the din, when the ordinary spectators, following their example, greeted the Emperor with their deafening plaudits as well. Then the vast amphitheatre resounded with a fearful commotion, a noise like thunder burst forth, rolled on for a while, ceasing at a given signal. Had the spectators not followed the example of the *claqueurs* and applauded, they would have incurred great danger; for the record left us of Nero's reign proves that he was not a man to be trifled with. Vespasian, who was subsequently invested with the imperial purple, almost paid with his life the impropriety of having dozed for a few seconds during one of Nero's performances. Tacitus relates that the provincials who frequented the theatre to see the Emperor on the stage were beaten by the soldiers either for not applauding or for applauding badly, and spoiling the effect of the enthusiastic expressions of admiration of the *laudiceni*. "Turbabant gnavos," says the historian, "they disturbed those whose applause was refined." That of the *laudiceni*, be it understood, was regular and not without a certain impressiveness. The *bombus* was a dull and prolonged rolling produced by rounding the hands, so as to form a hollow, and then striking them together. The *teste* was a sharp clapping imitating the breaking up of crockery. This effect was obtained by keeping the hands very flat, and not striking with too much force. The *imbrices* was like the sonorous and continued beating of hail against tiles. In this the applauders not merely clapped, but stamped their feet, and cried out. It was their highest possible degree of enthusiasm, expressive of indescribable admiration.

One night at the *foyer* of the Italiens, Rubini, relates M. Eag. Despois in one of his interesting works on the French stage, recounted that he had been obliged that afternoon to wait some considerable time for his hairdresser. When the *artiste capillaire* at length arrived, he was severely scolded by the *maestro*. "But, Monsieur," he piteously rejoined, "I am employed at the Opéra, in the *Société des Succès dramatiques*."—"What of that?" exclaimed Rubini; "you have only to go there in the evening. How can that detain you in the daytime?"—"Ah, Monsieur, you probably do not know that we have rehearsals. *Tenez*, to-day we have been studying an 'approbatory smile' for the *entrée* of Mme. X." The reply disarmed Rubini, and he allowed the hairdresser to proceed with his work. An approbatory smile! what kind of effect could it have produced in such a vast and grandiose amphitheatre as the Coliseum. Something more marked, and more in keeping with the surroundings, was needed, and the *laudiceni* found it in the *bombus*, the *teste*, and the *imbrices*.

The clauque thrives throughout the inglorious reign of Nero, but after his violent end one loses sight of it—at least in the theatres, for the gangs of Blues and Greens, who afterwards carried on hostilities in the amphitheatres of Rome and Byzantium, were not *clagues* in the proper acceptation of the term. Behind their dramatic preferences, political and religious motives were often concealed, and, as is known, these factions sometimes became very powerful in the State. The advocates in the law courts however had a phalanx of *laudiceni*—*sophokleis* obeying the instructions of a *Mesokhoros*—in their pay, whose custom it was to hail the addresses of their employers with enthusiastic shouts of *σοφός! σοφός!* A similar practice prevailed in the localities where authors were accustomed to give public readings from their works. This does not concern the theatrical branch of the subject however, and

those desirous of further information concerning the legal and literary *laudiceni* will do well to consult Pliny the Younger (lib. ii. epist. 14).

The clauque had slumbered for ages when, in the days of Louis the Well Beloved, the *boudoir* poet Dorat, surnamed "the Bold Dragoon," re-ushered it into existence. His *laudiceni* consisted of his servants and tradespeople, and so expensive were their plaudits that one evening after the performance of one of his pieces, which had been most enthusiastically received, he was heard, Pyrrhus-like, to exclaim, "Another such victory, and I am ruined!" A few years of these practices effectively left Dorat a ruined man. Spite of his efforts he had failed to establish anything resembling Nero's wonderful institution. The *clagues* of the eighteenth century were as a rule purely ephemeral, like that which Marie-Antoinette organised on the occasion of the first performance of Gluck's *Alceste*. In order to ensure its success, the Queen filled all the *loges de balcon*, the *entre-colonnes*, the *chaises de poste*, and even the *crachoir*, with noblemen who were charged with applauding various passages of the piece which had been indicated beforehand. The noble assembly, state the records of the time, showed itself remarkably enthusiastic, and no doubt was left as to *Alceste's* complete success. The directors of the Opéra—they were then half a dozen, among them La Ferté, Papillon, de la Touche, Buffont &c., having under their orders an Administrateur général, two inspectors, and a cashier—found the Queen's idea remarkably ingenious, and imitated it on the occasion of the first performances of *Enée et Didon* and the *Caprices de Galathée*. Readers of Beaumarchais will all recollect the clauque which Figaro succeeds in forming, and the speech in which he alludes to it. "Now, really, I don't see how I could have had ought but the greatest success, for I had filled the pit with the most excellent applauders. Hands like *balloirs*! I had forbidden gloves and canes, in fact everything that merely produces a muffled applause!" Nowadays, recommendations concerning the non-employment of canes would not be necessary, for sticks have been interdicted in the pit for very many years—ever since the days of M. Arnault's *Germanicus*, when the occupants of the stalls belaboured each other with loaded canes.

(To be continued.)

THE LAYS OF THE DECCAN HUNT.
No. V.

THE SPEAR THAT ONCE O'ER DECCAN DUST.

"The Harp that once thro' Tara's Halls."

THE spear that once o'er Deccan dust
The blood of wild Boars shed
Now stands as soiled in Deccan rust
As if all Boars had fled!
So dies each spirit-stirring thought,
And they who would have flown
With wild hogs' bristly forms to sport
Now ride to sport their own.

No youth—so hunting zeal doth fade—
The idle weapon heeds,
The gore alone that taints its blade
Tells of its former deeds;
And thus that flush that tints each face
Tells its own story too,
And proves the spirit of the chase
Once found a home with you.

Then bid that spirit welcome home!
High pledge the joyous guest,
And join my song while bumpers foam
To give the toast a zest.
Here's bottom to the Horse we ride,
Size to the Boar we rear,
And nerve and skill to aid and guide
The Arm that wields the spear!

No. VI.
OH! THINK NOT OUR SPEAR-BLADES ARE
ALWAYS AS BRIGHT.

"Oh! think not my spirits are always as light!"

OH! think not our spear-blades are always as bright
And as free from a stain as they now may appear,
Nor expect that the steel all so flashy to-night
Will return back to-morrow, unsullied and clear.
No! Dayspring shall see us, all dangers disdaining,
Our untainted weapons to purple with gore,
For the man that is last to debate about craning
Is always the first—for a touch at the Boar!
Then off with each glass, 'twill be pleasure indeed
To bumper our toast when the pastime is o'er,
Here's the Boar that has bottom to puzzle the steed,
And the steed that will carry us up to the Boar!

The chase of the Hog would be dull, Heaven knows,
If we had not some *raspers* to vary the Hunt;
And we care not o'er what sort of ground our horse goes
While we see the Grey Boar dashing on in our front.
Oh! ride as you will, but the bolder and truer,
More certain you are the heart's wish to obtain,
For the Hog, though he once fairly beat his pursuer,
Is a rare one indeed if he beat him again.
Then off with each glass—while a sounder shall stray
In mountain or jungle, let's drink with delight,
That the chase which begins with the first blush of day
May be crowned with success with the first shade of night!

AMERICA.—This three-year-old filly by Elland out of Lady Andley has left Dover's stable.

WESTMEATH HUNT RACES.—These races will be held on Tuesday and Wednesday, April 6 and 7.

GLENAVERNA was sold to Mr. G. Dawson for 120 guineas after winning the Wednesday Stakes at Liverpool.

FLASH, on winning the Flying Stakes at Reading on Wednesday, was sold for 105 guineas to Mr. Ranski, her entered price being £50.

PEERAGE.—This filly was purchased by Mr. Whittaker for 120 guineas after winning the Selling Hurdle Handicap at Liverpool on Wednesday.

MARDI GRAS.—This four-year-old, entered to be sold for 30 sovs. was bought in for 115 guineas, on winning a selling hurdle race at Reading on Wednesday.

MEATH HUNT STEEPLE-CHASES.—The Curragh April Meeting taking place on April 20, the Meath Hunt Steeple-chases will take place on April 27, and not on the 20th, as previously advertised, and for future years they will be held on the Tuesday after Kildare and National Hunt Races, except when the Curragh Meeting takes place on that day, in which case they will be held on the following Tuesday.

* Vide "Les Chroniques secrètes de l'Opéra" (vol. iii.).

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The following is an extract from the Official "Lloyd's
List" of June 19, 1874:—"The Human Eye and its
Diseases."—Few persons are aware how marvellously
beautiful and complex a structure is the organ of vision,
nor is it possible for us within the limited space of a
mere paragraph to explain the various peculiarities so
fully that our readers might obtain only an abstract
notion thereof. Volumes have already been devoted to
the subject by eminent oculists, and other surgical
authorities; poets and philosophers also have enlivened
the wondrous and charming influences of this "window
of the soul" and "queen of the senses," but our purpose
in these brief remarks is not that of an essayist, but
rather an allusion to the minor ailments to which the
eyes of most people are so frequently subject and ex-
posed, more particularly those resident in tropical or
humid latitudes, such as dimness, weakness, watery,
sore, or inflamed eyes, forms of disease which,
though oftentimes purely local, are exceedingly
troublesome and painful to the sufferer, and
if neglected for a length of time may possibly be-
come a constitutional disorder. It may be observed,
also, that many eye lotions used are absolutely dan-
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they contain. One specific, however, for alleviating
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the said County.—SATURDAY, November 14, 1874.